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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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AMERICA PREPARES—FOR WHAT?
—*David H. Popper*

★

THE CRUCIBLE OF CHANGE
—*G. Edward Pendray*

★

THREE O'CLOCK —*Thomas Wolfe*

★

WOMEN DON'T LIKE THEMSELVES
—*Grace Adams*

A QUARTERLY ☆ SUMMER 1939

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Contributors' Column

Since DAVID H. POPPER joined the Foreign Policy Association five years ago he has served as its authority on Palestine and also on American defense. In addition to these specializations Mr. Popper follows events in France, and has written many of the bi-weekly reports published by the Association. He is the author of a headline book, *The Puzzle of Palestine* (1938).

"Three o'Clock" is a fragment from the late THOMAS WOLFE's forthcoming novel *The Web and the Rock* published in June by Harpers.

DONALD BACHART, a native Pennsylvanian, wrote millions of words in behalf of various chambers of commerce and real estate board officials during those golden years which preceded the débâcle of 1929. During that same period, he was a frequent contributor to *Life*, *Judge*, *College Humor*, and dozens of national trade publications. At present, he is working on a play which will be followed by work on another play. Concurrently, he is employed by the Works Progress Administration.

In "They Walk Again" DR. HERBERT NOSSEN clarifies the position of the dipsomaniac in relation to his chances for being cured. Dr. Nossen has interested himself here and in Europe for many years in studying the problem of alcoholism.

ELIZABETH CARRINGTON EGGLESTON taught English at Winthrop College and also at State Teacher's College in Virginia, until illness forced her to withdraw. It was during this time that Miss Eggleston turned to writing. She has plans for a cycle of folk-poems such as that which appears in the magazine, of different characters but indigenous to the South.

GERTRUDE LEVY was for three years a reporter on Philadelphia and Baltimore papers. She has also done publicity work, but the bulk of her writing has been fiction.

Originally a psychologist by profession, GRACE ADAMS besmirched her reputation by writing a book called *Psychology: Science or Superstition?* Her other books are *Don't Be Afraid* and *Your Child Is Normal.* She is now completing a book on relief for the Yale University Press.

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Early in the century ARTHUR STRINGER came to New York and joined the forces of the American Press Association. For three years, before turning to novel writing, he was literary editor of *Success Magazine*. His twenty-seventh novel, *The Dark Wing*, was published in June. He has also written eight volumes of verse, numerous essays, and three volumes of short stories. But through it all he has remained an outdoor man, running both a fruit-farm on the north shore of Lake Erie and a wheat ranch in southern Alberta. It was from his experiences on the western ranch that he wrote his Prairie Trilogy, *The Prairie Wife*, *The Prairie Mother* and *The Prairie Child*, probably his best-known efforts in fiction.

DUNCAN AIKMAN has been a newspaperman since 1912, having served on the staffs of innumerable papers. Since 1935 he has free-lanced in Washington and from that post has contributed regularly to the New York *Times* Sunday Magazine. Last year he made a five-month tour of Latin America for the New York *Post*, which he is now using as the basis for a book. BLAIR BOLLES covers the diplomatic front and other national political assignments for the *Washington Star*.

Before G. EDWARD PENDRAY became assistant to the president of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, he was science editor of *Literary Digest*. He is co-founder of *Astronautics*, the official publication of the American Rocket Society, and editor since 1936. He is the author of two books and has had published many scientific articles and some fiction.

BURGES JOHNSON has long been an esteemed member of the teaching profession, and his lecturing and summer faculty appointments have taken him to universities and colleges from coast to coast, so that he can speak with wide personal knowledge of educational practice. He is at present teaching at Union College. His last book is a collection of serious poems entitled *Ladder to the Moon*. One of the two long poems in the book appeared originally in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE has done art criticism for the *Nation* and has had articles published in the *New Republic*, the *New Masses*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. He translated and edited Marcuse's life of Loyola and is at present collaborating with T. C. Wilson on a novel to be entitled *Synonymous, the Eye*.

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Books in Brief:

The World at Large

I Think Aloud in America. *By Odette Keun. New York: Longmans Green & Company. 1939. 337 pages. $3.00.*

Madame Keun has been visiting us, and here she tells how she feels about us — our cities, manners, art, politics, and economics. She likes almost nothing in the United States. America, she says, is a vulgar land, interested only in making money — except the South, where one finds dignity and decency. For New York she has particular loathing. The city's "long, low, narrow" busses "are driven by surly wattmen from whom you can't extract one civil word of direction. . . . Nobody helps you. Nobody even advises you." The same apparently is true of the street cars, elevateds, and subways. Altogether she thinks that we smell like "a relatively small troop of skunks." Madame Keun probably believes she is a very acute observer. She will still be welcome here when she learns that a lady of the world should be as careful with her pen as with her tongue. Americans are so vulgar that they will not go to the trouble of pointing out her errors to her.

North of the Danube. *By Erskine Caldwell. 64 photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 136 pages. $3.00.*

The fact that this book is comment on a no longer existing state does not in the least diminish its value, either in the literary or historical sense. Mr. Caldwell's text is all that it should be, and while subdued, always colorful. It is never melodramatic as it relates his encounters which vary from the most unpleasant to the most charming. The pathetic peasants, impoverished and disheartened, come vividly to life. Miss Bourke-White's excellent photographs add greatly to the effectiveness of Mr. Caldwell's text.

African Notebook. *By Albert Schweitzer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1939. 144 pages. $2.00.*

The distinguished physician, philosopher, musician, and writer here relates some of his experiences in French Equatorial Africa,

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Quarterly Comment

A GREAT DEAL of highly emotional twaddle has been and is being written about the plight of the artist in the current world war of political ideologies. In what are now loosely termed the "democratic" countries, increasing pressure is being brought on the artist to descend from his Ivory Tower and mingle with the masses. Certain of the politically-minded artists and writers of the more liberal countries complain, and rightly so, that art cannot thrive in dictator-ridden countries, where it is strictly regimented to follow the whims of a Mussolini or a Hitler.

That is all very well, but one ironic fact seems to be widely overlooked. The grouping of artists in revolt against dictatorship and art-regimentation inevitably, in this instance, has led to another type of unofficial regimentation. For it is being increasingly brought home to the writer and artist that he should concern himself not only with politics, but with a certain type of politics.

The current wave of proletarian art in this country is a case in point. There is a widespread tendency to criticize and evaluate the work of the proletarian artist from its political aspect, rather than its artistic merits.

It is true that in times such as these the artist should not remain aloof from the immediate problems of civilization. But it is equally true that few artists are equipped, in background and knowledge, to depict competently

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the political and economic problems of that same civilization.

Consider the cases of George Bernard Shaw and Thomas Mann. Shaw has written political tracts that are almost as effective as some of his better plays, the reason being that he put in some thirty years as a Fabian pamphleteer before he forsook the stump for the study. His knowledge of world affairs is still immense, for he continues to keep in touch with contemporary politics and economics. Thus he merits respectful hearing when he offers opinions about politics.

Thomas Mann, on the other hand, lacks Shaw's fullness of knowledge. His violence against totalitarianism is only of recent origin, and while understandable and even admirable, cannot command the same attention of even a metropolitan journalist's editorializing. Mr. Mann's recent book on democracy was a hymn rather than a piece of sound logic — and it was a muffled hymn at that because it was not instinct with a thorough knowledge of the unspeakable evils of dictatorship. To put it dramatically, Mr. Mann's opinions on politics deserve no more respect than Mr. Henry Ford's views of history. Fortunately or unfortunately, most artists, great or small, belong to Mr. Mann's category in this respect. Like the proverbial shoemaker, they should stick to their last. This entails no more disgrace than, say, Charles Darwin's failure to pontificate about architecture, concerning which he had likes and dislikes but no sound information.

What is actually happening, in the widespread organization of artists for political purposes, is that the artist is being asked — or, if you will, demanded — to forsake the rôle his creative nature selected for him, and take over instead the rôle of a political publicist. Obviously, carried to any extreme, this whole process is highly il-

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logical. It is as though Edna St. Vincent Millay, simply because she is one of the outstanding American poets of the day, should be asked to write a highly emotional exposé of corruption in Tammany Hall.

At times, through the driving force of an inner voice demanding expression, an artist becomes inadvertently a publicist *par excellence*, as did Zola and, more recently, as did John Steinbeck in *Grapes of Wrath*. The works of both men, however, are pure art in that they are the *outward* expression of an *inner* stimulation. The definition of art is always a controversial one, but for the moment we will accept the belief that it is the dramatization of subjective experience, or, to be more explicit, the crystallization of a state of mind. In this respect it differs from mere illustration, which is a matter of craftsmanship, good or bad, and in the end is no more than the completion of an already completed cycle.

Yet that is what the groups now active among American artists are primarily concerned with. Turning artists back into craftsmen — craftsmen who will write or paint in a pattern and on subjects within certain set limitations.

This, obviously, does not make for the preservation of artistic standards. To use Mr. Steinbeck as an illustration once again, it is probable that *Grapes of Wrath* will remain one of the most stirring denunciations of all time against the faults of the present economic system of distribution. In the end it will be of more value than a thousand highly emotional and badly documented diatribes in the *New Masses* or the *Daily Worker*. And it is important to note that Mr. Steinbeck's two previous novels, *Of Mice and Men* and *Tortilla Flat*, were without direct political implications or importance. No one ever thought to ask whether Lennie was a Communist or a

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staunch Republican, although certain characteristics made him a natural candidate for either party. What is of importance is that Mr. Steinbeck was busy mastering the craft of writing. He was concerned solely with an honest delineation of his artistic impulses.

In other words, he was an artist and not a propagandist.

In passing, it should be noted that there exists a wide difference between the novel about poor people, such as *Grapes of Wrath*, and the proletarian novel, which is aggressively class-conscious. In the proletarian novel the wiping out of class lines and economic injustices settles all problems. If this were true there would be no literature worth mentioning produced by the economically solvent.

Fortunately, it is otherwise. The list of novelists who have contributed powerfully to the betterment of humanity, to the exposing and correcting of the all-too-numerous ills under which mankind struggles, is a long one. Yet few of these writers were "class-conscious" in the narrow meaning of the term today.

There is another danger in the formation of artistic groups under a political banner. Such a grouping tends to emotional thinking rather than objective analysis. It strives to make artists definitely class-conscious, irrespective of their background and tendencies, rather than conscious of humanity as a whole. It breeds lack of understanding rather than sympathy. Certain of the more hysterical lunacies of the World War propagandists creep into the literary output of today. A Nazi is inevitably a vicious sadist, a Communist a hard-struggling man of the people. Yet it is more probable that both are slightly bewildered, befuddled individuals, struggling as best they can under a system they but vaguely under-

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stand and fear to rebel against. They are ideal subjects for the objective novelist.

Yet the Dorothy Thompsons of today insist that the novelist depict not only the strugglings of his characters, but also that he criticize and evaluate the political system under which these characters work out their personal problems. In other words he is asked to perform two duties at the same time — that of a political commentator and that of an artist. As a result he is apt to do both jobs badly, and generally does.

This is not to suggest that the artist remain blind to what is going on around him. Obviously, however, he would not be an artist and do so, for that he is an artist in the first place presupposes a sensitive reaction to his immediate surroundings. To attempt to regulate that sensitivity is to run the risk of dulling it.

What actually is happening is that the creative worker is being pressured into doing as an artist those things that more properly belong in the realm of his activities as a private citizen. As a private citizen he can raise his voice against whatever form of skulduggery seems most dangerous and obnoxious at the moment. As a private citizen he can join committees, contribute funds, organize and picket and generally raise a voice in world affairs. As a private citizen he can make a martyr or a hero or a plain damned fool of himself. These things are, in fact, part and parcel of his duties as a citizen under the present mode of government.

As an artist, however, he has another duty. He must be honest with himself and with his art. He must view human beings under the aspect of eternity, as creatures caught in the trap of circumstance, all struggling for a bit of warmth to make their rapid transit to oblivion a trifle less agonizing. He must view men and women with all-embracing

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charity, not as a district attorney out to prove a case for this set of morals or another, for this political-economy or its opposite. The artist is not concerned with the patterns of outward living, but with the tensions and deliriums of inner being. He does not portray what should be, but what is — and he portrays the latter with such fullness of sympathy that he dare not judge for fear of offending his artistic *amour propre*. He no more thinks of denouncing his characters' politics than a physician thinks of denouncing his patients' politics. Denunciation is the weapon of the politician; understanding is the privilege of the artist.

Art is intensely individualistic. There is no limit to its magnitude and scope; — it may embrace the entire physical universe or no more than the fragile intangibility of a momentary emotion. It is man's groping for the stars.

It should be remembered that systems of government, by the grace of God, change with the seasons. Art remains.

Under the political pressure groups now seducing the Muses, however, much of the art stemming from this particular decade will be pretty poor stuff.

—J. H. S.

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A Survey of the Basic Issues
of American Defenses

America Prepares— for What?

By DAVID H. POPPER

As the smoke of a new European conflict begins to rise from the ashes of the old, the United States becomes increasingly fearful for its own safety. Publicly and privately, Americans assert their determination not to be drawn into the apparently approaching holocaust, at the very moment when their sympathies are more and more strongly engaged on one side of the world-wide balance of forces. Isolationists and advocates of concerted action indulge in heated and confused debate over the broad lines of a foreign policy which will safeguard the country in these troublous times. On one point only are they, by and large, agreed: the necessity for stronger American armaments. Gallup polls, Congressional roll-calls, and the roster of national editorial opinion all approach unanimity in this respect. Aside from a few absolute pacifists and devotees of other unfashionable creeds, resistance to new and expensive military projects has vanished. America's war machine is being thrown into high gear.

It was not always thus. In spite of the dire warnings of military professionals after 1918, the nation refused to become alarmed during the prosperous twenties. There was, to be sure, an international naval rivalry of sorts, but by present-day standards it was no more than pica-

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yune. When President Hoover sought refuge in economy to escape from the ravages of the great depression, the budgets of the armed forces were severely pruned. In 1933, military and naval appropriations reached a total of only $540,000,000.

But the degeneration of diplomatic conditions in Europe and Asia rapidly changed the picture. In the fiscal year 1936 army and navy expenditures stood at $870,000,000, and by 1939 they had passed the billion dollar level. The Congress in session as I write is scheduled to approve regular army and navy budgets totaling about $1,300,000,000 for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1939. At the same time at least $400,000,000 more will be made available for expenditure on a number of special defense projects. By comparative European standards this outlay is far from being excessive. But if military costs continue their upward spiral at the current accelerating pace, it is difficult to see how this country can ultimately avoid social and economic consequences similar to those now evident in the Western European democracies.

Before we tread the path these states are following — a road pointing toward military totalitarianism pursued to steel whole populations against the threats of fascist dictatorships — it is only wise to pause and consider whether circumstances in this hemisphere demand such action. Why are we arming on the present scale? Simply, some would say, because all the other great powers are participating in the arms race, and because weakness is equivalent to suicide in the jungle realm of international affairs. This motif occurs again and again in Presidential pronouncements and the speeches of military and naval officers. Yet the view that the United States must preserve its strategic position by an increase of strength commensurate with that of other nations is subject to

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qualification. It is true that insofar as *types* of armament are concerned a country should be able to meet the enemy on equal terms. The possession of inferior weapons is a terrible handicap in modern war. But for national safety, in a restricted sense of the term, it is often not necessary to achieve absolute equality with potential enemies in the amplitude of your military equipment and forces. It is sufficient to be able to concentrate a force large enough to engage the enemy with success. Here the decisive factor is geography, the physical element of distance or terrain which cuts down the efficiency of all attacking forces to a greater or lesser degree.

This observation is particularly apposite in the case of the United States. Lacking a military rival in this hemisphere we are uniquely fortunate in our strategic situation. No hostile fleet can successfully launch a mass attack on our coasts; navies are limited in war to an area not much more than 2,000 miles from a major base, and no foreign establishment of the first magnitude lies within this distance of the continental United States. Nor would the nation be subjected to invasion by an alien horde, even if the American navy were swept from the seas. Analytical studies of the commercial shipping possessed by foreign nations prove quite conclusively that, except for Britain, no two powers combined command a merchant marine sufficient to transport more than 50,000 to 200,000 troops to this country. One scarcely envies the fate of such a small force if by some miracle it were successfully landed here. It would be opposed by a larger army and an embattled populace fighting in defense of its homes and supplied by an unrivaled industrial plant.

The air menace to American security is even more illusory. Individual planes carefully groomed in advance and loaded only with gasoline may fly for thousands of

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miles. But fleets of bombers, weighted down with explosives and forced to navigate under unfavorable war conditions, can seldom attain a radius of action exceeding 500 to 600 miles, while the number of craft suitable for such long-range missions is still small. Enemy planes might be launched from aircraft carriers for sporadic raids, but these vessels are themselves highly vulnerable to attack, especially from the air, and could not in any case convey sufficient forces to exercise a decisive effect.

IN VIEW OF OUR STRATEGIC SECURITY there is consequently slight justification for huge armaments if the sole object of American defense policies is to beat off direct attacks on the forty-eight states. Too many persons, unfortunately, possess just such an oversimplified picture of the functions of our armed forces. Unfortunately, too, this conception is fostered by those who proclaim that every increment to the nation's armament is necessary for defensive purposes alone. By now the American public should know that the term "defense" is endlessly elastic. Mere passive defense of the continental United States might well involve no more than the construction of a navy composed principally of light surface craft and submarines, together with coast artillery and a small, mobile, highly trained army to repel any invader who seeks to gain a foothold.

But if America's possessions must be protected as well, the arms bill will begin to mount rapidly. As soon as the mission of the armed forces is stretched to include the Panama Canal Zone, Alaska or Hawaii, or to provide a navy adequate to defend both coasts at once, we approach the upper reaches of military expenditure. And if the Philippines is added to the list, the outlay necessary for adequate protection rises to a point far beyond that

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which we have touched today. Nothing but a navy strong enough to meet the Japanese fleet in Far Eastern waters can effectually secure that outpost.

Needless to say, a purely defensive policy is not regarded as feasible by prevailing military opinion in this country. Such a course points straight to disaster. It permits an enemy to strike offensively on his own initiative, and in his own good time, with no more risk than that of losing his expedition. Exclusively defensive tactics would never permit us to take those retaliatory measures against an enemy which alone can bring hostilities to a close.

In a larger sense, however, defensive strategy may involve offensive *tactics*. The two principles are merged in our recently re-emphasized design to protect the entire Western Hemisphere against incursions by the totalitarian states. Here there is fertile ground for the alarmist. It is easy to point out that the shortest ocean lane from Africa to Brazil is only 1,600 miles in length; that if Germany recovers its African colonies and fortifies the Cape Verde and Canary Islands or the Azores it may launch attacks against Latin America; that if Britain, France and Holland were defeated in Europe their territories in the Caribbean and possibly the naval bases in Canada would be forfeit to the fascist powers.

Obviously these are only hypothetical contingencies — just how hypothetical no one can say. There may, therefore, be legitimate ground for a military policy of hemispheric defense, a policy designed to prevent the establishment of advanced Fascist bases at any point on these continents, if necessary by the prior establishment of bases of our own in the threatened areas. Plainly enough, such an offensive-defensive course involves a greatly expanded military establishment. There will be some who

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doubt the necessity for extending the protection of American arms to distant Patagonia and others who insist that the disruptive revolutionary tactics of the fascists' propaganda machines cannot be adequately countered by armed force unless we ourselves establish an imperialistic dictatorship over all of Latin America. Be this as it may, the concept of hemispheric defense is rapidly becoming a basic tenet of our military policy and has already been utilized to sanction considerable increases in our armed forces.

The acquisition of competitive armaments for the United States may also be explained by another set of considerations having nothing directly to do with the maintenance of territorial positions. In a world of power politics it is ordinarily believed necessary for any great nation to uphold the rights and interests of its nationals, wherever they may be, by the tacit threat of force if they are impugned. Although the Neutrality Act appears to pave the way for widespread renunciation of American rights abroad by withdrawing protection from American travellers and traders, recent events have made it abundantly plain that we do not intend to abandon all protection of American interests in the outside world. To do so in any one case would invite assault on American rights and interests in others. Once such a process of encroachment were begun no one could say where it might end. It does not follow that the United States must necessarily fight for every American killed in a foreign land or every piece of American property destroyed or confiscated abroad. But the principle of protection at our discretion must be maintained. Vital trade routes, particularly those by which we receive rubber and tin from Southeastern Asia, must be kept open. In this sense it may even be true that the preservation or support of

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democratic governments abroad may be a legitimate American interest.

If, then, a huge arms program is not needed for the safety of the United States alone, it is essential for protection of outlying territories, maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine and the security of American national or imperialist interests abroad. In the absence of definite official pronouncements on the subject, these may be regarded as the purposes for which the United States prepares its "defenses."

IN THE NAVY NO ATTEMPT IS MADE to deny that direct defense of the coast line is not the primary concern of the Department. For reasons which have been mentioned above, distinguished admirals, when facing Congressional committees rather than patriotic gatherings, frequently admit that the danger of invasion is remote. Lacking official guidance the Navy Department itself has adumbrated a statement of naval policy intended to serve as a basis for all naval operations. Its general objectives are superficially simple: "To maintain the Navy in sufficient strength to support the national policies and commerce, and to guard the continental and overseas possessions of the United States." These are to be attained by a navy suitable for operations in either or both oceans, which will protect American lives, assist in evacuating American nationals from danger areas, and maintain "uninterrupted communications with and for American nationals."

Now it is clearly impossible for a single navy to carry out these tasks in all quarters of the globe. Any attempt literally to support all national policies and commerce everywhere would call for even more ships than those necessary for the "two ocean" navy which seems likely to

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be the next major development on our maritime scene. Division of the fleet into two fighting components, incidentally, would violate a classical maxim of American naval strategy: the rule of concentration of fighting power so as to prevent an enemy from isolating and destroying one segment of the navy at a time.

Our strategists aim neither at defending both coasts simultaneously nor at directly protecting all American interests. Influenced by the theories of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan — apostle of sea power as a key to world-wide dominion, empire and material wealth — American naval officials regard the control of maritime communications as the most vital mission of the fleet. By dominating the sea lanes over which essential raw materials are transported to this country and denying such avenues of trade to an enemy, these officials believe they can eventually reduce a probable opponent to submission. Battle, if necessary, should take place as far as possible from our shores. Needless to say, proposals for a "naval frontier" in mid-ocean, beyond which the fleet would not be permitted to operate, are stoutly opposed in the Navy Department.

Only the next war will reveal how far the drive for "autarchy" has diminished the validity of Mahan's "sea power" thesis. Meanwhile the American navy, determined to preserve command of the sea over as extensive an area as possible, is preparing for long-range, transoceanic operations far from its principal peace-time bases. Ever since the post Civil War days, when the fleet deteriorated to the status of a mere coast defense force, this country has traditionally constructed ships of the greatest possible cruising range even at some sacrifice of speed and maneuverability. Generally speaking American vessels are designed to be the most ruggedly armored,

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heavily gunned and self-sufficient of their type. The history of international naval conferences and conversations since 1922 is studded with examples of American resistance to foreign proposals for decreasing the size or gun calibres of capital ships or cruisers. Without bases at the ends of the earth, American naval officers have always insisted that the use of smaller vessels would inadmissibly restrict the navy's range of effective action.

The result is that since 1933, when the dearth of available funds was overcome, the Navy has been building up the strongest possible fighting fleet. Its objective has always been to preserve the five-five-three ratio, established with minor variations in the naval treaties of Washington and London, in 1922 and 1930. That proportion was adopted after careful calculation of the relative forces needed to give Japan security in its home waters against attack by either Britain or the United States acting alone. Under the Vinson-Trammell act of 1934 construction of 102 vessels necessary to bring the American navy to full treaty strength was inaugurated. Optimistic forecasts of a treaty navy by 1942 soon vanished, however, in the face of serious shipbuilding delays. At the end of 1936 the earlier naval limitation treaties expired, and the naval race got under way in earnest. Our contribution was a new expansion program approved in May 1938, providing for an increase of over 20 percent in authorized underage naval tonnage at a cost of at least $1,200,000,000. Actually the new units, in addition to normal replacement construction and technically overage but still useful tonnage retained in service, will increase the navy's fighting strength by fifty to seventy-five percent. Barring unexpected building programs by other powers the American navy in 1948 should be approximately on a par with that of Britain,

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and stronger than that of Japan in the old treaty ratio of about five to three.

What can this mighty maritime force accomplish? It is, in the first place, more than sufficiently powerful to stand off a well-nigh inconceivable combination of the existing navies of Germany, Italy and Japan. Battleships — enormously powerful and relatively invulnerable floating fortresses — represent the foundation of naval strength; and of these the three Axis powers can muster only nineteen, some of them inferior in their characteristics, against the American fleet of fifteen capital ships.

Since a fleet loses perhaps forty percent of its effectiveness in operating at extreme distances from its bases (whence the five-three ratio in the naval limitation treaties) the existing strength of the American battle line includes a margin of safety. Nor will the situation become alarming in the visible future. Eight battleships — two of them 45,000-ton monsters — are building or planned for the United States Navy within the next five or six years, while it is estimated that the publicity-shy fascist triplice has not begun or projected more than eleven at best.

BUT IF DEFENSE AGAINST PROBABLE ENEMIES on the sea is assured, it does not follow that the American navy is itself prepared for transoceanic offensive operations. Testifying before a Congressional committee on the 1938 naval expansion program Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations, candidly admitted that "it would require at least three times the proposed increase to prepare for agressive action overseas with any prospect of success." As a practical matter this means that no naval official would today embark on a naval war against Japan with any expectation of victory, at least not before years of

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naval construction and raids on maritime commerce had gradually exhausted the Japanese.

American naval officers are doing their utmost, however, to bridge the gap of trackless waters between our Pacific coast and Hawaiian bases on the one hand, and the principal Japanese defensive posts on the other. Gradually the effective cruising radii of the least self-sufficient units of the fleet are being lengthened. The fleet as a whole may now venture as much as 3,000 miles from its bases in time of war, although a prudent commander would not ordinarily attempt operations at such a distance. With its existing shore facilities for destroyers, submarines and aircraft, the area of predominance of the American navy in the Pacific today extends roughly from the Aleutian Islands to a point west of Hawaii, and thence to the Panama Canal.

The spectacular development of American naval aviation — unequalled anywhere in the world — bids fair to push the sea lines subject to continuous American patrol far to the westward. The Navy's great new patrol bombers are built to carry out scouting operations over a radius of 1,500 miles. Even when loaded with bombs they can travel 750 to 1,000 miles before releasing their cargo and returning to their bases. In about three years two chains of island air stations will be ready to berth these flying cruisers. One will penetrate the screen of the Japanese mandated islands, starting from Hawaii and passing through Midway, Wake and, in all probability, Guam, 3,337 miles west of Hawaii. The harbor at Guam will be developed, like the Japanese mandates, as a stopping point for commercial planes, but its military significance will not be much less for that. The second chain of stations will stretch from north to south, from Kodiak in Alaska (or, eventually, from Unalaska in the Aleutians)

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through the Hawaiians, Johnston and Palmyra Islands, and ultimately to Samoa, well below the equator.

Possession of air bases alone cannot today determine the mastery of the Pacific. But the recent report of the Hepburn naval board on the question of shore facilities for both planes and smaller naval craft indicates clearly enough that the Navy stands ready to proceed with major fortifications in the Pacific as soon as Congress is willing to appropriate the funds. The Hepburn board went so far as to suggest an establishment at Guam comparable to Singapore. With defense works and a garrison of 12,000 men its total cost might eventually reach a figure of $700,000,000 — no small price for an advanced position. Inside the Navy Department and out, controversy still rages over the desirability of fortifying so exposed a salient, surrounded by Japanese islands and only 1,500 miles from Yokohama and the Philippines. If, as the Hepburn Board declares, the object of the development is to prevent Japan from attacking the Philippines or venturing south and east in the Pacific, it would seem logical to construct a major base in the Philippines themselves, where the defensive situation would be far more favorable.

In any event the underlying trend is clear. The United States is moving to the west and preparing to utilize the strategic points in its possession in case of need. In commencing improvements at Wake and Guam it will decisively cross the international date line, once regarded by tacit consent as the dividing line for Japanese and American naval operations in the Pacific. Should war break out the Navy would probably undertake a slow, step by step advance from Hawaii into the western Pacific, striving to batter down the successive Japanese bases and other obstacles in its path. The conflict would

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be long and tremendously expensive, and the outcome uncertain unless Britain or the U.S.S.R. joined this country as an ally.

The contrast between this grandiose prospect in the Pacific and the relatively slight defense preparations hitherto made in the Atlantic is striking. Until last winter we had not even organized a permanent Atlantic squadron, a force today composed of our three oldest and weakest battleships, a demilitarized training vessel, a division of four light cruisers and about a dozen destroyers. Greater attention is now being given to the creation or reinforcement of naval and air bases in Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Panama than on any occasion in our recent history. Obviously all this is a response to the growth of the fascist menace in Europe, but it is in no sense intended as an enhancement of the area of American operations. By all the evidence, the Navy's rôle in the Atlantic would be confined during a European war principally to evacuation of American nationals from Europe and protection of the Panama Canal. Naturally the fleet would also guard American commerce if necessary and would serve to implement an American warning that the establishment of potentially hostile European bases in the Western Hemisphere would not be tolerated.

A NAVY MAY INVEST A NATION — surround it, sweep its fleet and commerce from the seas, and reduce its power of resistance — but only an army can occupy and hold territory. American defense plans specifically provide for this eventuality. The federal government is openly subsidizing the construction and operation of a modern merchant marine at least as much for its value in the conduct of overseas military operations as for its commercial uses. It is revealing no secret to state that a

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primary objective of the merchant marine program is the possession of 1,000 commercial vessels of all types, aggregating about 6,000,000 gross tons (the auxiliary fleet considered necessary for technical military purposes alone when war breaks out). Should the conflict be prolonged, a much greater tonnage would be necessary.

A plan of this type obviously bespeaks preparation for the dispatch of a large expeditionary force overseas. Certainly it is not attuned to the needs of our standing army, which ranks well down on the list of national military forces as far as size is concerned. This is not to say that the Regular Army could not defend the continental United States. If its present enlisted strength of 165,000 were properly organized, equipped and located it would doubtless be adequate to repel any probable military attack against these shores. Subtract about 20,000 men who are stationed in Hawaii, 13,000 who are at Panama and 5,000 garrisoning the Philippines; there still remain some 125,000 troops for actual home defense. Were they all available as a first-class, mobile fighting force, an enemy contingent of 50,000 to 200,000 men would face a formidable task in invading this country and consolidating any foothold it might gain.

Under present circumstances, however, the Regular Army is still largely ineffective for this essential function. It is scattered in a few hundred army posts which are relics of the old frontier days and has only recently been concentrated in fairly large groups for real maneuvers in the European sense of the term. An inordinate share of its activities is composed of simple military overhead: administration, preparations for mobilization, training of other components of the army. Above all, it is not organized for independent action, but as a *cadre* or framework which must be filled out by the addition of considerable

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extra personnel before its formations are complete. The situation will improve as the professional force is enlarged in the near future; but a basic change is necessary if the Regular Army is to be constituted as a defensive weapon alone.

As a matter of fact there seems to be no immediate need for such a force, and there is certainly no evidence of any attempt to organize one. In time of war the American army is to be a citizen body of which the professional component is merely a nucleus. Even today it cannot be considered apart from the National Guard, a periodically trained citizen force which will reach a strength of 210,000 in 1940, and the Officers' Reserve Corps, now composed of about 100,000 men more or less well prepared to take up their duties as commissioned personnel. Should war break out these elements, vastly augmented by conscription, would be molded into a mass army into which it was once planned to draft as many as 4,000,000 men in twelve months. Until two years ago this mass of manpower would have been organized in four great field armies and commanded by our disproportionately great number of active and reserve officers.

Such a gigantic mobilization plan obviously bears no relationship to American needs for defense in the narrowest sense of the term. It is patently designed for a repetition of the 1917–18 experience. In its original form it was an unwieldy conception, probably impossible to carry out in fact. Hence the general process of figurative face-lifting undergone by the army in recent years has been both welcome and beneficial. Under the energetic leadership of General Douglas MacArthur, former Chief of Staff, and General Malin Craig, his successor, the land forces have commenced one of those periodic modernization programs necessary every twenty years or there-

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abouts if a military force is to preserve its professional competence. The current reorganization embodies the lessons of the world war, as modified by subsequent experience in minor conflicts and the general trend of modern military thought.

All the ramifications of the new developments can scarcely be compressed within the scope of a single article. In a general way it may be stated that somewhat less emphasis is being placed on size alone, and considerably more on the training and equipment of a relatively small, highly mechanized and motorized force, embodying to the utmost practicable extent the attributes of great mobility and intensive fire power. Infantry — the man with the rifle — remains the basic arm, with which other forces coöperate in a coördinated military team. But it is a new type of infantry, which has dispensed with the old mass formations of 1918, so productive of casualties. Tomorrow it will be organized in modern divisions of about 11,000 men with the same fire-power as the old division of 27,000, and with far more flexibility and mobility in action. Tanks have been procured by the hundreds, trucks by the thousands, and semi-automatic rifles will eventually be produced by the hundred thousands. Mechanization and motorization are even invading the conservative cavalry, although it will probably be necessary to retain some animal transport for rugged terrain. Artillery is rapidly being adapted for high speed towage by motor vehicles and slowly modernized in a number of other ways.

This burst of productive activity has been geared to a new basic war plan adopted in 1937, which for the first time reduces the mass army system to attainable size and shape and really prepares for its achievement. In case of war tomorrow the first echelon of the army would consist

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of an "initial protective force" of approximately 21,000 officers and 379,000 enlisted men ready for combat almost immediately. It would comprise the Regular Army, the National Guard, and a new reserve of former enlisted men in the professional force. In point of fact it is probably impossible at the present time for even half this force to take the field within the indicated thirty days, but this defect may eventually be remedied.

Immediately upon mobilization, the initial protective force will commence to expand by the addition of new units until it reaches a second stage on which American defense plans are really based. At this level what is termed the "protective mobilization force" will come into existence, including 67,000 officers and 1,000,000 men, 270,000 of whom will constitute replacements or reinforcements. And finally, if it proves necessary, an augmentation plan will be put into effect in three phases, each one involving the conscription of perhaps 500,000 more men to duplicate the protective mobilization set-up. The upshot will be creation of a four-army scheme generally similar to the old four-army plan, and of course the complete militarization of the country.

Under the two Roosevelt administrations very great progress has been made in bringing the army to a point where it can swing into wartime activity with a minimum of delay. In recent years the enlisted strength of the Regular Army has been increased from 118,750 to 165,000, while the authorized upper limit was raised to 202,500 in 1939 and further demands appeared to be on the horizon. The roster of professional officers was commensurately enlarged. Some 20,000 men have been added to the National Guard, while training facilities for the reserves have been greatly improved. The acquisition of modern material has already been mentioned.

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Towering over all these improvements at the moment, however, is the 1939 program for the drastic expansion of the Army Air Corps within the next three years, at a cost of at least $300,000,000. No such blessing has hitherto befallen this stormy petrel of the armed services in all the years of its existence. Under new legislation the authorized strength of the air corps rises in one jump from 2,320—a limit never even approached by the army in actual practice — to 6,000, with the expectation that an average strength of about 5,500 will be maintained. By 1942 the army and navy combined should have in service upwards of 8,000 planes, a figure sufficiently high to keep the United States in the forefront among the great aerial powers for some time to come.

In view of the limited tactical radius of foreign bombers it is impossible to believe that a force of this size is necessary for the defense of American territory. Unless an overseas power could acquire a land base in the Americas, absolutely no threat to American security exists in the air. If such a base were within striking distance of Panama, moreover, it could only receive supplies over sea routes which the American navy could easily intercept. So far as numbers alone are concerned, therefore, there is no intrinsic reason why we should duplicate European air forces here. Observers may be permitted more than a slight suspicion that the interested parties have simply utilized the unreasoning sense of crisis and fear of war to take all they could get at this time, when opposition to military appropriations is at a low ebb. True, from the standpoint of the American war machine the aircraft program will have one particularly beneficial effect. It will vastly stimulate the productive capacity of the aviation industry, a factor which may be of the utmost value if this country is finally engaged in war. But until

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the performance of military planes is enormously increased, the machines produced will have to be utilized in a war on foreign soil and not here at home.

FROM THE FOREGOING SURVEY it seems apparent that, in consequence of the world crisis, the United States is better prepared for war than ever before in its peace-time history. Its shipyards are working at capacity; its factories are turning out modern military equipment at accelerating tempo; its aviation industry is being placed on a semi-war footing. On land, on sea, and in the air its existing forces are more than sufficient to defend the coasts of the United States. Under present circumstances it would be foolhardy for any European or Asiatic power to venture upon a large-scale military campaign in the Western Hemisphere.

Yet there is no sign whatever that the era of expanding American armaments is drawing near its close. Quite the contrary. The public appears increasingly determined to pay enormous new premiums to make assurance of its safety doubly sure — always provided that by some legerdemain it can be made to believe that it is arming for defense.

But this is not the aim of American strategists. They are convinced by precept and experience that true defense in the world today requires armed forces which can threaten any nation moving to infringe our vital interests. That, after all, is the essence of power politics. American armaments are therefore planned to increase this country's striking power in distant regions, to fight overseas if necessary. It is all very well to affirm that the objective is only hemispheric defense. The fact remains that once war breaks out, from whatever cause, the soundest strategy is to extend operations to the enemy's territory if it is

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at all possible to do so. By the same token it will be almost superhumanly difficult to limit the scope or extent of America's contribution in any war it enters. The offensive, resolutely pursued, still brings victory. Military men have always known it; they know it today; and after M-Day theirs will be the power.

Nothing in this article should be interpreted as an intimation that this state of affairs is particularly discreditable. On the contrary, it is merely normal. But the public at large can never obtain a clear view of the basic issues of American defenses unless and until it forgets its emotional bias against "foreign wars." Then and then only can it exercise the effective civilian control over military organization and expenditure which is so vital for the survival of democracy today. Then and then only can it integrate our foreign and defense policies in a definite, clearly understood entity.

This task can be expedited by the appointment of an investigating commission comprising both experts and laymen to survey the whole field of national defense and American life. The commission might clarify confused issues of national defense and foreign policy; investigate alleged abuses and faults within the War and Navy Departments; eliminate unnecessary duplication of defense facilities in the two services; foster more extensive army-navy coöperation; and help to revise the cumbrous Congressional procedure by which military measures are adopted. The result would be a more efficient fighting force with a better defined function. The expense would be small. The dividends might be large. Will the President act?

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A Vivid Fragment from
a Great American Novel

Three o'Clock

By
THOMAS WOLFE

GEORGE WEBBER lay on the grass one afternoon before his uncle's house. George Webber had good eyes, a sound body, he was twelve years old. He had a wonderful nose, a marvelous sense of smell, nothing fooled him. He lay there in the grass before his uncle's house, thinking: "This is the way things are. Here is the grass, so green and coarse, so sweet and delicate, but with some brown rubble in it. There are the houses all along the street, the concrete blocks of walls, somehow so dreary, ugly, yet familiar, the slate roofs and the shingles, the lawns, the hedges and the gables, the backyards with their accidental structures of so many little and familiar things as hen houses, barns. All common and familiar as my breath, all accidental as the strings of blind chance, yet all somehow fore-ordered as a destiny: the way they are, because they are the way they are!"

He really knew the way things were. He lay in the grass and pulled some grass blades and looked upon them contentedly and chewed upon them. And he knew the way the grass blades were. He dug bare toes into the grass and thought of it. He knew the way it felt. Among the green grass, he saw patches of old brown, and he knew the way that was too. He put out his hand and felt the maple tree. He saw the way it came out of the earth, the grass grew

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right around it, he felt the bark and got its rough coarse feeling. He pressed hard with his fingers, a little rough piece of the bark came off: he knew the way that was too. The wind kept howling faintly the way it does in May. All the young leaves of the maple tree were turned back, straining in the wind. He heard the sound it made, it touched him with some sadness, then the wind went and came again.

He turned and saw his uncle's house, its bright red brick, its hard, new, cement columns, everything about it raw and ugly; and beside it, set farther back, the old house his grandfather had built, the clapboard structure, the porch, the gables, the bay windows, the color of the paint. It was all accidental, like a million other things in America. George Webber saw it, and he knew that this was the way things were. He watched the sunlight come and go, across backyards with all their tangle of familiar things; he saw the hills against the eastern side of town, sweet green, a little mottled, so common, homely, and familiar, and, when remembered later, wonderful, the way things are.

THERE WAS A CERTAIN STITCH of afternoon while the boy lay there. Bird chirrupings and maple leaves, pervading quietness, boards hammered from afar, and a bumbling hum. The day was drowsed with quietness and defunctive turnip greens at three o'clock, and Carlton Leathergood's tall, pock-marked, yellow nigger was coming up the street. The big dog trotted with him, breathing like a locomotive, the big dog Storm, that knocked you down with friendliness. Tongue rolling, heavy as a man, the great head swaying side to side, puffing with joy continually, the dog came on, and with him came the pock-marked nigger, Simpson Simms. Tall, lean, grinning

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cheerfully, full of dignity and reverence, the nigger was coming up the street the way he always did at three o'clock. He smiled and raised his hand to George with a courtly greeting. He called him "Mister" Webber as he always did; the greeting was gracious and respectful, and soon forgotten as it is and should be in the good, kind minds of niggers and of idiots, and yet it filled the boy somehow with warmth and joy.

"Good day dar, Mistah Webbah. How's Mistah Webbah today?"

The big dog swayed and panted like an engine, his great tongue lolling out; he came on with great head down and with the great black brisket and his shoulders working.

Something happened suddenly, filling that quiet street with instant menace, injecting terror in the calm pulse of the boy. Around the corner of the Potterham house across the street came Potterham's bulldog. He saw the mastiff, paused; his forelegs widened stockily, his grim-jowled face seemed to sink right down between the shoulder blades, his lips bared back along his long-fanged tusks, and from his baleful red-shot eyes fierce lightning shone. A low snarl rattled in the folds of his thick throat, the mastiff swung his ponderous head back and growled, the bull came on, halted, leaning forward on his widened legs, filled with hell-fire, solid with fight.

And Carlton Leathergood's pock-marked yellow negro man winked at the boy and shook his head with cheerful confidence, saying:

"He ain't goin' to mix up wid *my* dawg, Mistah Webbah! . . . No, sah! . . . He knows bettah dan dat! . . . Yes, sah!" cried Leathergood's nigger with unbounded confidence. "He knows too well fo' *dat!*"

The pock-marked nigger was mistaken! Something

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happened like a flash: there was a sudden snarl, a black thunderbolt shot through the air, the shine of murderous fanged teeth. Before the mastiff knew what had happened to him, the little bull was in and had his fierce teeth buried, sunk, gripped with the lock of death, in the great throat of the larger dog.

What happened after that was hard to follow. For a moment the great dog stood stock still with an eloquence of stunned surprise and bewildered consternation that was more than human; then a savage roar burst out upon the quiet air, filling the street with its gigantic anger. The mastiff swung his great head savagely, the little bull went flying through the air but hung on with imbedded teeth; great drops of the bright arterial blood went flying everywhere across the pavement, and still the bull held on. The end came like a lightning stroke. The great head flashed over through the air and down: the bull, no longer dog now — just a wad of black — smacked to the pavement with a sickening crunch.

From Potterham's house a screen door slammed, and fourteen-year-old Augustus Potterham, with his wild red hair aflame, came out upon the run. Up the street, paunch-bellied, stiff-legged, and slouchy-uniformed, bound for town and three o'clock, Mr. Matthews, the policeman, pounded heavily. But Leathergood's nigger was already there, tugging furiously at the leather collar around the mastiff's neck, and uttering imprecations.

But it was all too late. The little dog was dead the moment that he struck the pavement — back broken, most of his bones broken, too; in Mr. Matthews' words, "He never knowed what hit him." And the big dog came away quietly enough, now that the thing was done: beneath the negro's wrenching tug upon his neck, he swung back slowly, panting, throat dripping blood in a slow rain,

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bedewing the street beneath him with the bright red flakes.

Suddenly, like a miracle, the quiet street was full of people. They came from all directions, from everywhere: they pressed around in an excited circle, all trying to talk at once, each with his own story, everyone debating, explaining, giving his own version. In Potterham's house, the screen door slammed again, and Mr. Potterham came running out at his funny little bandy-legged stride, his little red apple-cheeks aglow with anger, indignation, and excitement, his funny chirping little voice heard plainly over all the softer tones.

"Here now! What did I tell you? I always said his bloody dog would make trouble! Here! *Look* at him now! The great bleedin', blinkin' thing! Big as an elephant, he is! What chance 'ud a dog like mine *have* against a brute like that! He ought to be put out of the way — that's what! You mark my words — you let that brute run loose, an' there won't be a dog left in town!"

And Leathergood's big pock-marked nigger, still clutching to the mastiff's collar as he talks, and pleading with the policeman almost tearfully:

"Fo' de Lawd, Mistah Matthews, my dawg didn't do *nuffin!* No, sah! He don't bothah nobody — *my* dawg don't! He wa'nt even noticin' dat othah dawg — you ask *anybody!* — ask Mistah Webbah heah!" — suddenly appealing to the boy with pleading entreaty — "Ain't dat right, Mistah Webbah? You saw de whole thing yo'se'f, didn't you? You tell Mistah Matthews how it was! Me an' my dawg was comin' up de street, a-tendin' to ouah business, I jus' tu'ned my haid to say good day to Mistah Webbah heah, when heah comes disothah dawg aroun' de house, jus' a-puffin' an' a-snawtin', an' befo' I could say Jack Robinson he jumps all ovah my dawg an'

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grabs him by de t'roat — you ask Mistah Webbah if dat ain't de way it happened."

And so it goes, everyone debating, arguing, agreeing, and denying, giving his own version and his own opinion; and Mr. Matthews asking questions and writing things down in a book; and poor Augustus Potterham blubbering like a baby, holding his dead little bulldog in his arms, his homely, freckled face contorted piteously, and dropping scalding tears upon his little dead dog; and the big mastiff panting, dripping blood upon the ground and looking curious, detached from the whole thing, and a little bored; and presently the excitement subsiding, people going away; Mr. Matthews telling the negro to appear in court; Augustus Potterham going away into the house blubbering, with the little bulldog in his arms; Mr. Potterham behind him, still chirping loudly and excitedly; and the dejected, pock-marked nigger and his tremendous dog going away up the street, the big dog dropping big blood-flakes on the pavement as he goes. And finally, silence as before, the quiet street again, the rustling of young maple leaves in the light wind, the brooding imminence of three o'clock, a few bright blood-flakes on the pavement, and all else the way that it had always been, and George Webber as before stretched out upon the grass beneath the tree there in his uncle's yard, chin cupped in hands, adrift on time's great dream, and thinking:

"Great God, this is the way things are, I see and know this is the way things are, I understand this is the way things are: and, Great God! Great God! this being just the way things are, how strange, and plain, and savage, sweet and cruel, lovely, terrible, and mysterious, and how unmistakable and familiar all things are!"

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A Brief Audit of the
United States Balance Sheet
in International Trade

America *and* World Affairs

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

A GREAT DEAL OF PRESSURE is being brought to bear in the United States, by domestic as well as foreign groups, to influence American support one way or the other in the current war of economic doctrines now engaging the major part of the world. Most advocates of American participation in the present conflict cite two outstanding reasons for their arguments; first, protection of our foreign investments and second, fulfillment of our treaty or "moral" obligations.

Strangely enough, the protection of American citizens abroad is rarely mentioned today as a cause for American intervention, although during our more aggressive imperialist and "manifest destiny" days the mistreatment of United States citizens was sometimes the beginning of American armed intervention in and/or annexation of new territory. Today citizens so unfortunately placed are at worse little more than a source of national irritation and diplomatic embarrassment, as recent events in Germany, Italy and Cuba have proved. Apparently we are more concerned with protecting our investments than in protecting our citizens. Fortunately, however, more than half of the 350,000 United States citizens residing in foreign lands are out of the present danger zones.

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It would appear then that American investments in and American trade with foreign countries are the most immediate potential sources of serious difficulties — difficulties of the sort that in the past have led to war. From the standpoint of national peace and security they are liabilities. And they are an even more serious liability to any attempt to analyze objectively our position in world affairs. Those same investments are used as an argument by the isolationists and the anti-isolationists.

It might be wise, then, at this time to discover just what, in dollars and cents, our foreign investments amount to. It might prove of value, before we carelessly commit ourselves one way or the other in world affairs, to check carefully just which foreign countries, from a standpoint of *our* national income, are good or bad customers.

An audit of our world accounts should be made before we take on new customers (or, to be more accurate, former customers who went bankrupt and are now operating under new corporate set-ups, such as Spain and Russia, or were swallowed up in mergers in the manner of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia) or further subsidize bad debtors. Otherwise we are apt to find ourselves antagonizing solvent, lucrative customers for the dubious advantage of gaining the good-will of others anxious to obtain credit but slow to assume responsibility. Only when we have an accurate picture of our international trade and investment figures can we clearly and competently discuss our future foreign policy.

ACCORDING TO THE MOST RECENT estimates available, those issued by the Department of Commerce in 1936 and 1937, American investments in foreign countries throughout the world total $11,074,000,000. Direct or

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controlling investments account for $6,870,000,000 of this sum, and the remaining $4,204,000,000 are portfolio investments in foreign dollar bonds and various types of securities. If the principal and accrued interest of the foreign government debts due the United States are also regarded as liabilities, then the direct and portfolio investment total is more than doubled, for these government debts now total $12,665,000,300. Excluding the war debts, the countries in which our financial stake is greatest are in the Western Hemisphere: Canada, Chile, Mexico, in that order. Our largest source of European investments, Great Britain, is fifth.

As serious liabilities two large sections of the world, Africa and Australia, can be eliminated immediately. All our investments in the whole continent of Africa total the relatively negligible amount of $112,000,000. Of this sum $94,000,000 represents direct or controlling investments in petroleum and copper mining concerns chiefly. All the products from these enterprises are available in abundance in the United States and our inaccessibility to them would in no way endanger national well-being during a war-time emergency.

If we were unable to import some of the products we now get from Africa exclusively, we would not be menaced. A few minor inconveniences would affect some domestic industries; they would, however, recover after a short readjustment period because there are excellent substitutes available for most imported African products except rubber. The United States imports rubber from Africa today, but most of it continues to come from British Malaya, Dutch Indies, Ceylon and Brazil.

Our trade with the African continent is not impressive either. In 1937 we exported $13,711,000 worth of goods to Egypt and imported $13,533,000. To the one other

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important country with which we do business, the Union of South Africa, we exported $88,572,000 in manufactured goods and other products, and imported goods valued at $14,441,000.

Finally, we have no treaty or any other commitment with African nations which could conceivably involve us in serious diplomatic difficulties. According to the most recent U. S. State Department estimates, American citizens resident in Africa number 4,397.

Australia and New Zealand combined are also unimpressive as potential American liabilities. Our total direct investments there are $116,000,000 in about 115 concerns; the portfolio investments total $102,000,000. There are about 3,000 Americans living in both territories, we have good substitutes at home for everything we import from them, and we have no important diplomatic commitments with them. In 1937 we exported $73,406,000 worth of goods to Australia and imported products valued at $43,639,000. For New Zealand during the same period the figures are: Exports — $23,876,000; Imports — $22,257,000.

IN ALL OF ASIA we have a larger stake than in either of the continents already discussed. Our direct investments there total $428,000,000 and our portfolio investments are $187,000,000. At the end of 1936, when the total direct investments were $416,993,000 they were divided as follows:

Arabia and Iran	$17,780,000
British Malaya	23,740,000
China	90,593,000
Cyprus, Iraq, Palestine, Syria	29,605,000
French Indo-China and Siam	3,286,000

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India	$29,680,000
Japan	46,694,000
Dutch Indies	69,759,000
Philippine Islands	92,150,000
Turkey (including European)	13,706,000

The largest source of our Asiatic investments, the Philippines, is at the moment a serious liability. According to present plans, we are pledged to defend them until 1942, when they will receive their independence. In the meantime, the United States must contend with a new Philippine movement which asks for the rescinding of the Independence Act and for permanent military protection by the United States. Senator Clark and several other United States Senators want to give them their independence whether they want it or not. If, however, this group is defeated and the Philippines remain a ward of the United States, we will have for all time a stake in the Far East far more important and dangerous than our investments in China and Japan. At the present time our exports to the Philippines total about $88,000,000 and our imports from them are $125,000,000. At best, the Philippines are hardly a financial asset.

The $70,000,000 or so of direct American investments in the Dutch East Indies control chiefly petroleum and rubber enterprises. More important to Americans than the investments themselves are the importance of these islands as a source of rubber. Control of them some day by Tokyo or Berlin might cause difficulties with the United States.

About forty percent of the direct American investments in China are in missionary and church properties. In Japan these investments are well under $15,000,000. Although all our direct investments in China are almost

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double those in Japan, United States trade figures for both nations reveal in reverse a much greater difference. In 1937 we exported to China only about $50,000,000 worth of goods and imported about $104,000,000, a trade loss of $54,000,000. Our exports to Japan, totaling $288,377,000, far exceeded not only those of China, but also those of all Latin America. We imported from Japan $204,201,000 worth of goods.

More important than trade investments, the 8,000 Americans who live in China, the 6,725 in Japan or the 32,000 in all Asia, is the constantly reiterated policy of the Open Door in China. Although it is popularly supposed that this policy dates only from 1900, when John Hay sent a note to Great Britain, France, Russia and Germany asking that the United States and the other four powers guarantee to "safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire," the idea of keeping the big Chinese market open on equal terms to all has been repeated by our Presidents, diplomats and Secretaries of State ever since Caleb Cushing said in 1843, before leaving for the Orient, that he was going to try to open for American business "the doors of three hundred millions of Asiatic laborers." Cushing's hopes have never been fulfilled, but the attempts to do so and the attempts to protect the small unprofitable investments we have in China, especially since the Hay note in 1900, have constituted one of the most serious liabilities of the United States. Incidentally, the Open Door policy rests on Hay's pronouncement, not on an unusually binding law, promise or treaty, as most Americans believe.

The American gunboats and the several hundred American soldiers and marines in China, along with many other risks we have taken because of our Far

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Eastern policy, have at best protected about $91,000,000 in direct investments in China, a similar amount in portfolio investments, and an export-import trade (now adverse) with our 15th best customer totaling about $155,000,000 annually. As for the big Chinese market which Caleb Cushing was going to open for America, it is bigger today by more than 100,000,000 Chinese, but these millions are still so poor they can spend only about $10 each per year — a budget which does not include the purchase of imported American goods.

About 85,000 United States citizens live in Europe, including 23,330 in Italy, 10,552 in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 12,964 in France, 5,787 in Germany and 5,000 in Portugal and the Azores. Each of the other European countries has less than 5,000 permanent American residents. A small proportion of these are technical workers in American branch factories and offices, but most of them are naturalized citizens who have returned permanently to their native lands. This latter group might, of course, become a serious liability were Hitler, Mussolini or some of the other dictators to insist uncompromisingly on compliance with their new racial laws.

American investments in Europe total $2,372,000,000. At the end of 1936 direct investments totaled $1,245,-000,000, of which $611,000,000 controlled 543 manufacturing units. Petroleum enterprises of various kinds accounted for $275,000,000 and distribution organization investments were valued at $144,000,000. Public utilities accounted for $89,000,000 and mining for $43,000,000.

Direct investments of United States groups in Great Britain are about one-third the total for all of Europe.

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The $474,130,000 invested there controls 411 business organizations of various descriptions. Germany, with $228,000,000 in direct investments, is the second largest European source. For other European countries these are our direct investments:

COUNTRY	BUSINESS UNITS	AMOUNT
Belgium	65	$ 34,890,000
Denmark	35	13,778,000
Finland	13	1,643,000
Danzig, Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania.	7	1,701,000
France	164	145,603,000
Greece	11	8,508,000
Hungary	13	9,306,000
Irish Free State	7	315,000
Italy	57	70,181,000
Netherlands	43	18,836,000
Norway	26	26,681,000
Poland	21	33,500,000
Portugal	18	5,719,000
Rumania and Bulgaria	21	43,952,000
Spain	55	80,532,000
Sweden	32	25,493,000
Switzerland	29	8,634,000
Yugoslavia	10	3,190,000

These investments constitute our most serious European liability. They are small compared to our investments in foreign countries of the Western Hemisphere and seem almost negligible when the billions of dollars of unpaid war loans are remembered. As President Roosevelt himself indicated in his appeal to Hitler and Mussolini on April 15, this country has no other important stake in Europe. The President did say that the

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possibility of war in Europe "is of definite concern to the people of the United States" and of the Western Hemisphere, but, he also said later in his message, "Because the United States, as one of the nations of the Western Hemisphere, *is not involved in the immediate controversies which have arisen in Europe*, I trust that you may be willing to make such a statement of policy to me as the head of a nation far removed from Europe in order that I, acting only with the responsibility and obligation of a friendly intermediary, may communicate such declaration to other nations. . . ."

ALL TYPES OF AMERICAN INVESTMENTS in Canada and Newfoundland, where 176,000 Americans live, total $3,630,000,000, more than one-third of all American investments in all other countries combined. The direct investments are a little more than $2,000,000,000, divided roughly as follows: 530 millions in 816 manufacturing enterprises; 269 millions in 31 paper and pulp companies; 79 millions in 285 distribution organizations; 109 millions in 24 petroleum companies; 520 millions in 78 public utility and transportation groups; 120 millions in 234 insurance organizations; 240 millions in 100 mining companies; and 11 millions in 12 agricultural enterprises. The remainder is scattered among miscellaneous businesses.

American exports to Canada, second only to those for the United Kingdom, were $509,508,000 in 1937. Our imports from Canada during the same period were valued at $398,539,000.

About 52,000 United States citizens live in the West Indies, Central and South America. United States investments in Latin America total about $4,000,000,000. The direct investments of $2,847,000,000 which, inci-

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dentally, represent a sizable decline from the 1929 figure of $3,500,000,000, are invested in the following types of enterprises:

Public utilities and communications	$937,125,000
Mining and Smelting	708,194,000
Petroleum	452,561,000
Agriculture	400,449,000
Manufacturing	191,789,000
Distribution	99,996,000
Miscellaneous	56,887,000

Investments in countries on the South American continent were the largest with $1,465,989,000. The West Indies, chiefly Cuba, Santo Domingo and Haiti, were next with $753,131,000. Mexico, Costa Rica, Guatemala and the rest of the Central American group were the smallest with $627,881,000. By nations the chief sources of these direct United States investments were the following:

Country	Business units	Direct Investments
Cuba	173	$666,254,000
Chile	53	483,736,000
Mexico	215	479,000,000
Argentina	106	348,268,000
Brazil	81	194,345,000
Venezuela	40	186,266,000
Colombia	50	107,549,000
Peru	26	96,052,000

United States exports to Latin America during 1937 were 19.1 percent of our total export trade, with the leading country, Argentina, taking products valued at $94,173,000. All of Europe during the same period received 40.6 percent of all our exports, the leading share

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being taken by Great Britain, with $534,564,000. Our exports to Latin America at present are about $500,000,000 annually, a sum which Canada exceeds by 10 millions and Britain by 35 millions.

Of our many treaties, agreements and other commitments in Latin America, none represents a more serious liability than the Monroe Doctrine. The Declaration of Solidarity at Lima and President Roosevelt's pledge last summer to defend Canada if the Dominion is ever threatened by a foreign power are simply extensions and new interpretations of it which have long been taken for granted by Americans and foreigners.

Except for the aggressor nations mentioned, the very words of President Monroe in 1820 apply as emphatically today as they did then. The political system of Austria, Prussia and Russia, he then wrote, "is essentially different . . . from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure . . . and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempts on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. . . ."

AS THE ABOVE HAS ALREADY INDICATED, our largest investments, our greatest trade and our most binding diplomatic commitments are in Canada and Latin America. We have $7,731,000,000 invested in those sections of the Western Hemisphere and $3,587,000,000 in the rest of the world combined. More important is

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the fact that the Western Hemisphere is easily self-sufficient and could long survive an emergency during which it might be unable to trade with the rest of the world. The United States alone lacks sufficient quantities of, or does not possess mercury, tin, nickel, manganese, chromite, natural rubber, silk, sugar and coffee, but if the entire Western Hemisphere is considered, then only silk, for which there are several good substitutes, is not available in some part of the New World.

As for our share of the world totals of the essentials of national well-being, here are some figures which Stuart Chase has included in his recent book, *The New Western Front:* The United States has six percent of the population and six percent of the land area of the world, but produces 29 percent of its iron ore, 32 of its copper, 22 of its lead, 30 of its zinc, 78 of its sulphur, 38 of its steels, 36 of its pig iron, 27 of its cereals, 12 of its wool, 24 of its wood pulp, 62 of its petroleum, 34 of its coal and 43 of its chemicals. These are only production figures; the natural resources of the country still include adequate or surplus supplies of land, waterpower, coal, petroleum, iron, copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, tungsten, phosphate, potash, timber and cereals. As Mr. Chase notes after citing these figures, "Almost any way you look at it, from the economic point of view the United States is far, far in the lead. Russia, the other great continental nation, still trails in the rear. Behind Russia, in resource strength, if not in production, trail the Great Powers — England, Germany, France, Italy, Japan. Bundle all six of them together and we can match their resources. We could more than hold our own against the British Empire itself. We are stronger . . . not because we are so smart, but because we were fortunate enough to land in the most impregnable geographic area on earth. . . ."

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Whenever there has been danger of war elsewhere in the world there has been a lot of loud and generally loose talk about our foreign trade. A month before we entered the World War in 1917 Ambassador Walter Hines Page said, "Perhaps our going to war is the only way in which our pre-eminent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted." Everybody knows we won the war and finally got the biggest panic in American history. As Stuart Chase again puts it, the United States "got some artificial stimulation which postponed the day of real reckoning with unemployment and other internal problems. They got a war with 350,000 American dead and wounded, and a cost of some thirty billions to date. They got "twenty million grand" of bad debts, and presently the finest depression ever known. They lost mountains of good raw materials. They got agriculture and industry over-extended and thrown out of balance. They got the dust bowl . . ."

Today there is a great deal of idle, but none the less dangerous, talk about protecting our investments in China, and we are even asked to enter into embargoes and boycotts of Japanese trade to further that "protection." In other words, in order to "protect" non-dividend paying investments, we should throw overboard an export-import trade that is $84,000,000 a year in our favor.

More important than this is the actual size of our foreign trade. The most reliable figures on this were prepared by George N. Peek for President Roosevelt in 1934. Mr. Peek's detailed report showed, among other things, that our foreign trade for the twenty-year period 1914–1933 totaled $90,000,000,000. But this huge sum is just about what the total national income of the United States was in 1929. 1929 was the peak prosperity year,

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but in 1937 the national income was almost seventy billions, and in 1936 it was 63.5 billions.

Stuart Chase, who has studied Mr. Peek's table carefully and done some computation of his own from its totals, shows that in the most prosperous year in American history, 1929, our foreign trade represented less than ten percent of the national income. Today it is five percent, and all indications are that it is still headed downward. Furthermore, more and more of this foreign trade is being carried on with nations of the Western Hemisphere, while the trade with Europe is declining. This Western Hemisphere trade can be increased enormously. Latin America especially, with its twenty separate nations and 100,000,000 people, is still a very meagerly tapped market which can be developed peacefully, without U. S. marines, and to the mutual benefit of both the United States and Latin America.

If considerably more United States energy than is now being used were expended in the direction of increasing the gigantic potentialities of Latin American trade, our European trade would become of negligible importance. Latin America, with its vast areas of good, undeveloped land, with its quantities of food, with its mines, forests and other scarcely developed natural resources, should be compared with Canada rather than with China, that other vast territory about which so many hopeful things were said. American exports to Canada represent about thirty-one dollars per capita, while to Latin America they represent three dollars per capita. Here, then, much nearer home than China, much newer and less risky than China, is a market.

IN THE MEANTIME, all our foreign trade is not worth fighting for. The home market remains our greatest

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market. Ninety-five percent of our income comes from it today. That extra five percent would make us even more comfortable, but as Admiral William S. Sims said after President Roosevelt, in May, 1935, announced that Americans trading with Italy or Ethiopia would have to do so at their own risk: "The point of the whole business is this: We cannot keep out of war and at the same time enforce the freedom of the seas — that is, the freedom to make profits out of countries in a death struggle. If a war arises, we must choose between two courses: between great profits with grave risks of war on the one hand; or smaller profits and less risk on the other. . . . Therefore, let every citizen who has the cause of honorable peace at heart take this stand: Our trade as a neutral must be at the risk of the traders; our army and navy must not be used to protect this trade. It is a choice of profits or peace. . . ."

Admiral Sims' words apparently reflect the attitude of most people in this country, as the following results of Gallup polls indicate:

Will there be another world war? Yes 73%
Should the United States remain neutral? Yes 69%
Should the United States join any plan for collective security? No 67%
Should a referendum of all voters be held before war is declared? Yes 70%
Should loans be made to China or Japan? No 95%
Should United States armed forces and citizens be removed from China? Yes 70%
Do you hope China wins? Yes 59%. Neutral 40%
Should we ship arms to China? No 68%
Should we fight if South America is attacked? No 68%

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Was our going to war in 1917 a mistake? Yes 70%
Should we go into another such war as 1917? No 95%

In brief, what Jefferson said in 1823 regarding European entanglements is still the majority opinion in this country. "I have ever deemed it fundamental," were his words then, "for the United States never to take an active part in the quarrels of Europe. Their political interests are entirely distinct from ours. Their mutual jealousies, their balance of power, their complicated alliances, their forms and principles of government, are all foreign to us. They are nations of eternal war. . . . On our part, never had a people so favorable a chance of trying the opposite system, of peace and fraternity with mankind, and the direction of all our means and faculties to the purpose of improvement instead of destruction."

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Why WPA Worker No. 83202
Project No. 16523-K Has Every
Right to Lean on His Pick

I Build a Highway

DONALD BACHART

SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE THIS IS WRITTEN, on April 30, 1938, to be precise, I began to assist in the widening of one of the most necessary and important traffic arteries in the State of Ohio. Now I am not a road builder by training, temperament or profession. I am nothing more than one small unit of a battalion of workers equipped with picks and shovels who are at work on the reconstruction of that highway which is officially designated as WPA Project Number 16523-K.

As for my personal self, I am known to the WPA foremen, superintendents, timekeepers, accountants and paymasters as Number 83202. To the casual reader this may suggest the mechanism of Sing Sing or that of a chain gang in Georgia, but to me, a realist in my own right, it expresses nothing more nor less than the absolute prerequisite for the successful conduct of a highly intricate and essential accounting system.

Why did I become a part of this road-building industry? you may inquire. Well, it's like this. Along with millions of other writers, physicians, lawyers, plumbers, carpenters, architectural draftsmen, machinists, steel workers, automobile workers, painters, bricklayers and whatnot, I became excessively weary of waiting for

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Private Industry to employ my services since the débâcle of the year 1929. Not that we didn't want to work; approximately nine out of every ten of us are glad to go to work at "anything," even roadbuilding, since we are told that corporations, while showing a modest black balance for the final quarter of 1937 and the first quarter of 1938, are, nevertheless, "not hiring anybody; on the contrary, they are dismissing employees; retrenching, so to speak, because they are fearful of the policies of the Administration."

These mouthpieces of these same corporations are the same voices which come over your radio with re-echoes of "budget balancing," pointing out, incidentally, the terrific burdens of taxation under which our children and grandchildren will groan and sweat blood. Be all that as it may, most of us highway-builders are not greatly concerned about our children's children at the moment. What concerns us most vitally is the inevitable urge for a cheese sandwich and a pint of cold milk during that midday period which members of the Chamber of Commerce term "luncheon."

That obvious question as to just how hard we "endeavored to find work in Private Industry" before we "located a place on the Government's payroll at the expense of the taxpayers," I shall answer briefly and to the best of my ability. Not having conversed personally with more than a half dozen of my fellow road-builders, I must be content to cite my own case, which I am told is fairly typical.

GOING BACK OVER A PERIOD of only two years, I find myself writing an advertising booklet for the client of a small advertising agency, along with several pieces of advertising copy which subsequently appeared in three of

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America's leading trade publications in their field. The client and his agency expressed profuse commendation for the finished product of my brain and typewriter, assured me that the result would lead to bigger and better jobs, and during the progress of six weeks time, paid me the sum of seven dollars for the entire job.

Several months later, at their request, I accepted another assignment of like proportions, and again they seemed pleased with the results, but this time the payment was cut to four dollars, and the remittance was also considerably less than prompt. During the summer of 1937, I "sold" a trade journal article to a well-known national publication at a price of six dollars. Since the magazine pays on publication only, and since the article has not been printed as yet, I am still waiting for that six dollars.

During the past six weeks, I have been offered the job of handling the publicity for a prominent trade organization in the state of Ohio in connection with its state convention which will be held this midsummer in Cleveland. The specifications as outlined called for my writing and placing the preliminary newspaper advance publicity stories during the month of April and the first two weeks of May, for which no compensation would be forthcoming. On the fifteenth of May, my salary would begin and continue until the second week of June at the rate of fifteen dollars per week. This munificent offer was rejected with the minimum of profanity.

There are dozens of other personal instances which might be cited, but they are omitted here, since their repetition is deadly monotonous, following, as they do, the outlines of a tedious, unvarying pattern. And the reader will kindly take my word for it that this writer is not complaining or indulging in any self-pity about these

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things. He is merely citing facts incidental to the reasons why all carpenters are not building houses, all draftsmen are not drawing plans, all chefs are not cooking, all writers are not writing, all salesmen are not working at their trade (even on commission), all barbers are not cutting hair, and you can finish the list for yourself.

Well, now that we have been put to work, building roads among other things, you may ask us how are we doing in our new careers, accompanied, of course, by the inevitable question: do we actually *work* while we are on the job? Of course, I am as familiar as you are with the hundreds of cartoons which have appeared in hundreds of American newspapers which depict us, WPA workers, leaning on a pick at the side of a country road, or if the cartoonist becomes tired of showing us leaning on a pick, he portrays us in the act of leaning on a shovel.

As a matter of fact, my gentle reader, we do occasionally lean on our picks and shovels, but before I tell you why we do so, it is first necessary to tell you something about the manner in which we are going about the task of widening Cedar Road in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio, as covered by WPA Project 16523-K.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, there are more than one hundred of us excavating the dirt, slag, cinders, brick, sod, etc., which is the present formation of the roadbed to the right of the paved highway, proceeding east. After we have excavated miles and miles of this right side of the highway, I am told unofficially, we will return on our excavating tour on the left side of the road, going west. I do not know just how long this will take; besides, it is none of my business. That we are making noteworthy progress is obvious to anyone, even to any indignant taxpayer who happens to motor through our ranks at the

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speed of seventy miles an hour. For example, the concrete mixer and its accompanying pavement-laying gang are always right behind us, pouring in the cement, and it is our job to keep well ahead of them, which, of course, we do. And when I tell you that the concrete is poured in and dried at the rate of approximately a quarter of a mile every day in the week, excepting Sunday, you may readily comprehend that we are excavating and shoveling at a lively rate.

And oh, yes, about our leaning on picks and shovels, which I have conceded in the foregoing. I neglected to mention that our pick-digging requires an excavation exactly nine inches deep. The preliminary digging is done after the manner of constructing a small trench, and the final excavations must be graded evenly by the men with the shovels. Now when your pick wielder is tearing his laborious way through layers of mixed sod, gravel, slag, paving brick, assorted clays and the like, there is nothing more readily available for his partner, the shovel expert, than to stand by and lean on his shovel, which is simpler than balancing the shovel on his cranium or his nose after the manner of a vaudeville juggler.

You must try to bear in mind, even if it hurts, that the man or boy you observe leaning on his shovel has just completed the task of removing anywhere from ten to forty shovelsful of the aforementioned mixture from the same trench in which the pick wielder is now busily engaged. And if you hadn't whizzed past that same trench at such a dizzy rate of motoring speed, you might have witnessed the unholy spectacle of the pick wielder whom you saw at work pause after his pick had torn into the earth for the twenty-seventh time, and lean indolently on his pick while the shovelman went to work.

Perhaps some method may be discovered eventually by

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which the knights of the pick and shovel may be inducted into a work program of perennial activity, a picking and shoveling simultaneously in the same trench, or possibly the evolution of a superman wielding a pick and a shovel concurrently, a sort of an efficiency technique based on the perpetual motion principle; but thus far such a technique is regarded as physically hazardous, if not downright murder, in any civilized community.

With those labored explanations, if you still feel that WPA workers receive sixty cents per hour for one hundred hours per month in payment for standing at country roadsides, leaning on picks and shovels, well, in the paraphrased words of the late Edward S. Jordan, get yourself a job on some WPA project; just try it once, that's all I ask. Should Private Industry ever let you down, as it has me, and you find yourself working on my highway, I'll be glad to put you into touch with the most efficacious methods for the treatment of sunburn and pickhandle blisters known to medical science.

WHEN ONE PAUSES TO INQUIRE whether or not these myriads of ex-advertising copy writers, ex-painters, ex-bartenders, ex-machinists, ex-carpenters, ex-practically-everything-else, are content with the compensation of one hundred hours of work per month at the rate of sixty cents per hour, total, sixty dollars per month, the answer is that they are not. But the sensible ones among us realize, and we are in the majority, that half a loaf is better than no bread, and temporarily we travel on the highways of least resistance.

In this connection, I am reminded of one of our WPA workers walking off his job one morning, telling all of us that Private Industry was paying eighty cents per hour for labor and that he intended to get himself one of those

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jobs before the day was over. But the entire week passed, and still another week, and while he located plenty of shops and factories where the common labor rate actually *was* eighty cents per hour, those same factories and shops, without exception, were liberally placarded with NO HELP WANTED slogans. All this brings us to the question "When Is a Labor Rate Not a Labor Rate?" and the answer is suggested in the oft-repeated statement of Mr. Harry Hopkins, to the effect that this thing which we know as Private Industry is not now, and never will be, able to provide sufficient work for those millions of us whom some well-meaning but misguided people will seriously tell you "wouldn't work if they had a job."

Returning to my highway itself on Cedar Road, in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio, WPA Project Number 16523-K, reminds me that I have been asked frequently if it is a useful and a necessary project, and my answer invariably is "yes, it *is* a useful and necessary project, just as are almost all other WPA projects." Of course, the definition of "necessity" in the mind of the average citizen is always governed largely by what his individual needs and desires happen to be at the moment, and if he is a motoring citizen, as millions are (even some WPA workers, quite like impecunious industrialists, cut down on food expenditures to buy gasoline), he will appreciate my highway out on Cedar Road after our work of widening is completed.

In the not far distant future, our American motorist will enjoy several additional lanes of travel on that highway; he will not be obliged to hug the curb at the sight of an approaching motorist; he will not be forced to turn into the ditch as he so often has in the past; more motorists will arrive at their destinations, sound in mind and body.

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At this point in my sermon, you may well begin to wonder if I actually am an unnecessary burden upon the harassed taxpayer, even if we forget for the moment that I pay plenty of tax on every package of cigarettes which comes into this apartment, to say nothing of taxes on shoes, magazines, toothpaste, shaving cream, and countless little Woolworth items. It is all very simple and very easy for amateur bookkeepers and editorial writers to talk about "governmental expenditures and extravagances," and to shriek hysterically every time the President of the United States makes a fireside talk on the radio. The point involved here is, in the event that my highway job costs, let's say, three-quarters of a million dollars (and I haven't the slightest idea of whether I am anywhere near the final figure, and again, it is none of my business), how much of that final figure is an item of "expense" and how much of it is a "capital" or a "permanent" asset?

I do not know what proportion of the total sum expended on my highway is properly chargeable to direct expense and what proportion should be set up on the Government's books as a capital asset. However, the headlines in my newspaper lead me to believe that these necessary expenditures are all being charged to the item of Expense and if that is so, it seems to me that our Government at Washington needs more and better bookkeepers. The truth of the matter is that my highway, Cedar Road, is rapidly becoming a permanent asset to the people of America, just as Boulder Dam, the Panama Canal, Norris Dam, and any postoffice building are permanent assets.

RIGHT AT THIS POINT, here is that bogey-man, Anti-Governmental-Inefficiency, in again, and he will scare

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the wits out of your kiddies with much palaver about how much more cheaply and how much more efficiently Private Industry could do these jobs. Well, sir, we could argue about that exceedingly controversial topic for the rest of the night, and daybreak would arrive and we wouldn't get anywhere. There is a whole lot to be said on both sides, since very few governmental bureaus or private industrial departments are able to progress more rapidly than the minds and the ideals of the men in charge of those bureaus and departments. In fewer words, there are sheep and goats on both sides of that fence.

Comparisons are essentially odious, but since this writer once was attached to the Cost Accounting Section of the U.S.A. Ordnance (1918–19), he was able to view the aftermath of a costly national emergency at first-hand and at close range. The main job to be performed in that instance, in case you have forgotten, was to transport millions of men, munitions of war, supplies, etc., onto French soil in the shortest possible time. Whether for better or worse, depending on your own individual viewpoint, the job was done and very well done indeed.

Time was the element, and thus we had the "cost-plus contract." And in less time than it takes me to write it down, we found Private Industry spending money like drunken sailors or like Mr. Hopkins' editorial critics say he spends it. The purchasing agents of Private Industry, as well as the purchasing agencies of Government, bought its goods during the years of 1917–18, and inquired about the prices and the costs later. And why not? Wasn't it a National Emergency? Yes, indeed, it certainly was.

Well, here I am, twenty years later, confronting another National Emergency and building a highway at the same time. A sort of a killing of the two birds with one

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stone. And while I am busy with my highway, millions of others like me are widening other highways, building bridges, constructing dams, dredging rivers, rescuing forests from destruction, reclaiming lands wasted by years of soil erosion, not for the sole purpose of "putting men back to work," but primarily for the rebuilding of America.

Unlike 1917 and 1918, there is no reveille, no taps, no bands playing, no flags waving in this National Emergency. On the surface it seems like a dull, prosaic undertaking. But if you look closer, through the dazzling sunlight streaming down on the long, wide ribbon of Cedar Road, at those miles of smooth highway winding through University Heights, Beechwood, Pepper Pike Village, you may see a vision of your own children in the year 1958 driving their automobiles along this peaceful countryside, and then perhaps you'll be happy to realize that we used your tax money to build a highway out here on Cedar Road those bright afternoons in May, 1938, instead of wasting your tax money in the armor-plate shops of Bethlehem and Pittsburgh, or the nitrocellulose plants of Hopewell and Muscle Shoals, or the mills of the Remingtons, the Midvales, and the Eddystones.

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Dipsomania is Mounting
Here — but There's a Cure

They Walk Again

BY HERBERT LUDWIG NOSSEN, M.D.

IT IS A COMMON SUPPOSITION, and one in which there is some accent of truth, that the majority of Americans are a people who combine in notable degree the quality of enlightened idealism with the practical. Over some issues here, certainly, there is a tendency to bury one's head in the sand, to look complacently the other way, but the United States seems able to fuse into its idealism a healthy amount of common sense.

It is all the more inexplicable, then, that with regard to one of this nation's gravest problems, one that profoundly affects American mental and physical health as well as its national economy, the general attitude is one of defeatism and resignation, if not almost of indifference. I refer to that outcast topic, alcoholic intemperance or, to be more precise, dipsomania, a subject that is still beclouded by an appalling amount of abracadabra and hypocrisy. So that the layman will know my meaning exactly, it should be said that the medical definition of dipsomania is "a morbid and uncontrollable craving, often periodic, for alcoholic liquors."

But dipsomania, as it is proposed to show here, is not incurable, at least in a large number of cases.

By dint of a deal of intelligent and conscientious

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spade-work by the United States Public Health Service, by individual doctors, sociologists, welfare-workers, editors and clergymen, the subject of syphilis has been brought into the open, in the face of an enormous prejudice in this country. It is something of an anomaly that, whereas today even the conventional women's magazines deal frankly with the problem of venereal disease, there remains the greatest reluctance to deal forthrightly with dipsomania, or with alcoholic intemperance generally — a psychological disorder that rightly or wrongly heaps on the sufferer's head far less social ignominy.

The unhappy fact is that the United States is confronted with a steady increase in excessive and uncontrolled drinking, in almost all age groups from adolescence onward. Statistics dealing with drinking and intemperance in this country are not always scriptural, but there are certain figures that are incontestable, that we may consider trustworthy: for example, the mounting registrations in public and private alcoholic wards and sanatoriums, and the very substantial increase in the annual production of spirituous liquors (valued approximately at $6,000,000,000 in 1938).

Before we consider here a somewhat different approach to a problem that must be treated by a more understanding and effective therapy, a few of these indisputable statistics might be reviewed. Statistics, I realize, are often sound cures for insomnia, but the few that follow would seem to be graphic and tragic enough to fix anyone's attention:

> In 1934, in the public hospitals of the United States, 4.9 percent of all patients were suffering from alcoholic insanity — almost one in twenty. (Note, moreover, that this percentage does not account for tens of thousands of other alcoholic suffer-

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ers confined to general hospitals, licensed and unlicensed sanatoriums, private homes, etc.)

In 1936, the Bureau of Census reported that more than 11 percent of the 101,462 *first admissions* to public and private mental hospitals in the nation were alcoholic patients.

Between 1920 and 1933 (the Prohibition years) hospital *first admissions* for alcoholism in most metropolitan districts increased by as much as 700 percent; between 1930 and 1934, these initial admissions multiplied by 117 percent, and the year following 1935 (two years after Repeal), the *first admissions* were still greater.

In 1938, in New York City, 7,590 men and 796 women received their second to *tenth* sentences for intoxication, while 661 men and 86 women served their eleventh to *forty-eighth* terms in jail for the same conviction. (Statistics above cited in "Drinking and Alcoholism," by Genevieve Parkhurst, Harpers Magazine, July 1938.)

Distilled spirits (including industrial alcohol) have risen in this country from a production of 241,610,000 gallons in 1934, to 482,138,000 gallons in 1937, or almost precisely 100 percent in three years. (Statistical Abstract of the United States.)

Deaths per 100,000 population in the United States from cirrhosis of the liver (most commonly the result of alcoholic intemperance) rose from 7.4 in 1933 to 8.5 in 1937. In the years since 1910, the deaths per 100,000 from alcoholism reached a peak of 5.9 in 1913, a high of 4.0 during the Prohibition years 1927 and 1928, and have since been brought to 2.6 in 1937. (United States Public Health Service.)

Finally, to close this statistical barrage, of the 25,000 admissions in 1936 to Bellevue Hospital in New York city for *all* causes, more than *forty percent* were for alcoholism. Roughly the same percentage has endured since that year.

So much, then, to suggest that alcoholic intemperance is increasing dangerously, and that it is not a condition

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over which we may shrug our shoulders in the myopic belief that the problem is merely that of an offensive but petty vice for which there is no cure. This conclusion is all too prevalent even in professional circles.

What is the reason or reasons for the sharply mounting incidence in our national intemperance? I am satisfied that one of the reasons we universally dodge this self-inquiry, important as it is, is because most of us want to forget the horrors and tragedies that Prohibition inflicted upon the United States. (In that respect, incidentally, perhaps we have something in common with the so-called "problem-drinker" who goes to the bottle to seek an illusory oblivion from the less pleasant realities of life.) For Prohibition is, of course, one of the fundamental causes of present-day excessive drinking by both sexes, adult and adolescent. It is obvious but nonetheless axiomatic to say that millions of Americans became conditioned in 1920–33 to alcoholic intemperance because restrictive Federal and State laws made illicit drinking a vogue — the human animal being the perverse creature that he is; it was a matter again of the age-old allure of forbidden fruit. In a bizarre variety of speakeasies, blind-pigs, lesser dives and more pretentious "clubs," operated by the inevitable Tony or Gus, the underlying idea was to thumb one's nose at the law, and at a group of reformers who, one believed, was interfering with the right of any American to drink himself into a state of magnificent inebriety.

But the years of Prohibition, costly as they were, were only a contributory cause of the problem that faces us now. In the speak-easy era, most Americans had not tasted the defeats, the setbacks, the humiliations and privations that millions came to suffer after 1930. That is, there were not present in such number the motives for

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seeking a fictive escape, for drinking one's self into an alcoholic fairyland, that have existed since 1930. Even the mere task of survival was simpler.

ALTHOUGH ONE CAN HAVE only admiration and respect for the studies of pioneers in the field of alcoholism, it remains a fact that the authors of many of these surveys found it difficult to place themselves in the special position of these alcoholics. That is, the approach was usually restricted to the abstract and statistical — the incidence of insanity in alcoholism, for instance, the part it plays in crime, its effect on longevity, etc. Thus the burden of a good deal of this research was physiological and analytical rather than psychological and therapeutic. Admirable and necessary as was much of this missionary labor, it seemed at bottom that it signified a passive attitude to the problem, in that it was more concerned with its nature and extent than with its remedy, or partial remedy, or with the rehabilitation of the individual dipsomaniac. That conclusion, I must add, did not originate with me.

The problem of alcoholism has been enormously complicated and intensified here by more than fourteen years of Prohibition. To anyone professionally concerned with dipsomania and alcoholism generally, the records of the Prohibition years have been rich in revealing case-histories. These involved not only individuals, but the problem in fact can be studied from the vantage point of the effects of intemperance on entire communities. Prohibition, in other words, has bequeathed an unparalleled laboratory to the doctor, the psychologist and psychiatrist seeking an amelioration of one of its sequels.

Nevertheless, from the physiological and psychological viewpoints, alcoholism still remains as controversial a

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subject as, for example, the nature of sleep or the causes of cancer. Much of that is due to the insensitivity and lack of imagination of those to whom sobriety is a matter of course. An enormously contentious and diffuse literature has been written around alcoholism, particularly in the United States. Moreover, from a strictly lay point of view, the subject is enveloped in even denser clouds of debate. The last is partly due to the tendency in this country, among large segments of the population, to regard alcoholism as a moral and religious lapse rather than as what it is in medical fact — a psychological disorder. Apart from that, the subject in this country had been a political football for decades.

One of the prime reasons that the problem reached its present dimensions has been the nation's shortsighted insistence on viewing alcoholism as stemming from "moral" deficiencies. In plainer words, more often than not the alcoholic in the public mind was "weak-willed" or "spineless"; he was without "conscience" or "scruples." In the more succinct vernacular, he was a "bum." And as such, he was the target of much invidious humor.

This remains the popular conception. The inebriate is a pariah, an outcast. It is true that this attitude is changing, but it is not changing fast enough nor in the right direction. For many years past the general viewpoint toward alcoholism was that it was virtually incurable — the almost invariable end, it was hopelessly maintained, was delirium tremens, and death.

IT IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE that the public should know that the majority opinion today among professional men who have had first-hand experience with dipsomaniacs is that, given some degree of coöperation, they can be rehabilitated. It is happening every day, with

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sufferers from all walks of life. Inevitably there are cases, most often encountered in the low-intelligence groups of inebriates, that are not susceptible to treatment. But such cases are far in the minority.

Is the average individual stricken with dipsomania worth salvaging? The fact is that there is no "average" inebriate. To the scores of men and women who are faced with this problem, no unbending therapy can be applied. But this may be said: if the doctor or psychiatrist can "rehabilitate" John Doe, well and good for his own sake. Conceivably, he may again contribute to the commonwealth. But in the long view, John Doe is himself not of primary importance; society is little concerned about his enlarged or atrophied liver, his headaches — in that eloquent word, his "jitters." One's foremost concern in rehabilitating him in authority and dignity is to serve his family or other dependents, and so also to protect society from his will to destroy. (Society is not protecting his family nor itself by committing him to an institution — except in acute cases that still belong exclusively in the province of institutions — or, worse still, by ignoring him.) Thus, in its social aspects, i.e., in its most important consideration, the problem must be attacked at the outset through John Doe.

Fortunately for Doe, even when in many instances he has reached the stage of zoölogical hallucinations, he proves to be more often curable than not. But the point to be stressed again is that, where medically possible, his psychological disorder must be corrected because of family and society, and not primarily because of his own well-being. It so happens, fortunately, that he is usually susceptible to treatment.

Perhaps one may explain most simply a different approach to the alcoholic problem by citing a hypothetical

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composite case. But first let one consider briefly the traditional "curative" methods, many of them still in use and almost all of them based on the belief that the cure of dipsomania is strictly a matter of physiological adjustment, not always necessarily combined with confinement. Thus, for more than half a century various institutions have treated alcoholics by drastic forms of medication. Today there are still employed countless "gold cures," perhaps the most impermanent of all "antidotes," since once the chemical action wears away, the alcoholic's craving is often greater than before he began treatment. Yet such institutions continue to guarantee cures in four weeks (for such fees, for example, as $160) — a manifest impossibility. Then, also, there are supposed short cuts that only serve to intimidate the patient, or momentarily hypnotize him into the delusion that he is en route to teetotalism. Again, there are innumerable purges, designed to rid the inflamed system of alcohol in anywhere from twenty-four to seventy-two hours, followed sometimes by prolonged and weakening baths in sedative solutions. Rarely if ever are these followed by a thoughtfully prescribed regimen in which there is special provision for a "buffer" to stand between the convalescent, whose physical health is slowly returning, and his distraught nervous state that follows the complete stoppage of all alcohol into the system. The components of that "buffer" are both physiological and psychological, and they are of the utmost importance to pull the sufferer past those shoals of profound boredom, irritation and acute mental sensitivity that occur as the physical machine is on the mend.

In the absence of such provision, frequent medical experience is that a relapse becomes so likely that it may almost be called inevitable.

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It is cause for astonishment that such "cures" were not recognized long since as generally worthless, dangerous and, in some instances, suicidal for the patient. Like the remorseful alcoholic's pledge to the parish priest, they serve merely to transfer responsibility for the sufferer's normal behavior from various agents — sometimes religion, sometimes pills, injections, purges, baths, and even physical intimidation — to himself, where it belongs. In essence, they are no less an evasion of reality than, say, the alcoholic's application to the bottle to forget his wife's peccadillos. One cannot minimize the importance of rebuilding the body in the treatment of alcoholism, but to regard it as taking precedence over the patient's mental health is to use elaborate pains to put the cart before the horse.

NOW, WITH REGARD to the aforementioned hypothetical case:

Let us say that the patient is a middle class sedentary worker in his middle thirties, of "average" intelligence, married and the father of one child. Conceivably, seven or eight years ago he realized he was endangering the security of his family, as well as placing a high-interest mortgage on his own existence by drinking excessively. His first step was to take a "cure."

This took the form of a four-week stay at a sanitarium for alcoholics. His wife maintained to neighbors and the office that her husband was recovering from a nervous breakdown, which was not so remote from the truth.

The "cure" at X Sanitarium was based primarily on a purge of all alcohol in the patient's system, after which staff doctors, nurses and physical-instructors combined to build up his physical health over a period of three weeks. There was little prescribed in this simple regimen that

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the patient could not have done for himself, or that he had not learned in elementary physiology classes at high school: an abundance of sleep, mild exercise, nutritious food. (At the outset of the "cure," however, he was permitted a small amount of alcohol.) But X Institution did make it impossible for him to get a drink himself by serving as an efficient bodyguard.

In the course of the last week, the purely physiological treatment had the inevitable reaction. The patient's nerves were restored to normal, he felt rested, his appetite returned, and eight hours' sleep was no longer a phenomenom to him. He left the sanitarium with a feeling of gratitude, believing that he could again confront life without recourse to artificial stimulants, and feeling that he had acted childishly in permitting alcohol to make a fool of him.

For a month, the conviction that he was the master of alcohol endured. The relief of his family was enormous. His intimates, moreover, congratulated him in private that he had shown he could — in that tragic phrase — "take it or leave it."

There was in his mind a residue of resentment over his experiences at X Institution. It was not long before he determined, as a matter of self-respect (so he persuaded himself), to prove to society and himself that he could "take it" without danger. Several times before he arrived at this decision he had, in fact, been in bars with friends, and suffered no acute discomfort at the sight of elbow-bending by companions.

One or two drinks did not seem to harm him. It became a matter of profound self-esteem, indeed, that he could now take three drinks without consciously approaching the deep end. But in a matter of six months, he was back at the precise point he had reached before

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entering X Institution, with whiskey apparently so vital to his physical and mental life that he required a drink before work, during it, and after the day's stint was done.

The "cure," in other words, had temporarily restored his physical balance but it had left his mental outlook vis-à-vis drinking completely untouched. In that respect he was just as immature as he had been seven months before. Whereas before the "cure" he had had recourse to drinking to soften the impact of objective realities (business and social reverses, for example), now he also applied to the bottle to blur subjective realities (humiliation that he had retrogressed, shame that he had failed his wife and child, self-remorse, etc.). His so-called cure had not given him any equipment with which to combat this redoubled and dual craving for escape.

Again he took stock of himself. He had the perception to tell himself that a return to X Institution would effect no improvement, or at best was a spendthrift way of returning to an impermanent sobriety. On his own initiative, he went for help to the public library, certain that there must be a number of books written on the subject of alcoholism and its cure.

In this he was right. He found an overwhelming literature on the subject. It ranged from "inspirational" exhortations to forsake the bottle and apply to Divine Providence, to tracts and books arguing that dipsomania was only susceptible to treatment by psychoanalysis. In addition to these, he found a vast number of technical studies on the effects of alcohol on the human system in differing climes, on the span of life, on the liver, heart and kidneys — most of it couched in a medical jargon that was so much gibberish to the reader. Reasonably he asked himself, of what use is all this cabala to me? The upshot of his recourse to the library, and his diligent

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search therein, was that he made tracks for the closest saloon.

Eventually, through a friend, he learned of a doctor who was a specialist in the treatment of dipsomania. His condition can only be described as pitiful when he arrived at the consultation room.

To rid his body of alcohol was, relatively, a simple task. The physical strain induced was insignificant, but it is true that a disturbed state of nerves continued for several days after the complete cessation of the introduction of any alcohol. The real task began with a deal of patient, tactful discussion over several months, required before the sufferer could rid himself of a diffidence to reveal why he continued to complicate his life by drinking immoderately. Ultimately, the physician obtained his confidence, bit by bit, and once that had been achieved the treatment was greatly simplified.

ESSENTIALLY, THAT TREATMENT resolved itself into ridding him of a number of stubborn delusions. These delusions, his reasons for drinking, his self-extenuations, were entirely juvenile. For one thing, he thought he could most effectively forget the crushing and frightening burden of a large debt by the medium of alcohol. For another, the fact that at his office he was not making headway was, he believed, minimized in his mind by a number of drinks, which of course served both to deafen his "censor," or conscience, and to elevate him to a mood of angry indifference, which was part resentment against business associates for more or less fancied wrongs.

The crux of the problem in this typical case was to convince the patient that he could, in time, liquidate the debt and advance himself in his profession by the simple avenue of ceasing to drink. One is compelled to stress that

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this sounds a great deal easier than it is in fact; in some extreme instances it is comparable to an effort to persuade the really insane individual of his sanity. In the present case, as in hundreds of others, the patient's initial attitude was that of an infant — he had to be led by the hand, as it were, to see a self-evident truth to which his mental disorder had blinded him. To implant that unshakeable conviction in his mind required eight months — in other cases a year; but once he had it, a continuance of drinking was a gross insult to his intelligence.

But for a period of months, the perceptive doctor's contribution to the treatment will be almost as great as that of the patient: he must keep forever mindful of the convalescent's acute sensitivity, of his deep-rooted feeling that the world is grinning at him sardonically. And he must take care not to fall into a habit of reasoning that because one regimen proved successful in twenty instances, it will prove similarly effective with the patient at hand. In the treatment of dipsomania, there is no more specious argument.

The doctor must expect relapses and discouragements that sorely try his own nerves. These setbacks, however, are not necessarily dangerous or fatal if the sufferer has such confidence and trust in the physician that he tells him candidly how and why they occur. Under such circumstances, there is nothing to do but go over the arguments that before had in part convinced the patient that his life would be easier, happier and less involved on a regimen that had no room in it for alcohol. To persuade him of that is certainly not the simplest assignment: the dipsomaniac that society often dismisses as "weak-willed" has frequently a strong-willed conviction that the "escape" symbolized by the bottle is far from illusory.

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But the immensely encouraging point is that it can be done. Experience in thousands of cases has proved that the percentage of failure is hearteningly small. It comes to this, even in severe cases: if the sufferer will consent to see the doctor at regular intervals over a maximum period of a year, and if he will tolerate a mild degree of discomfort, for only a few days, he can in most instances be cured. He can learn to walk again.

In the foregoing case, merely to have restored the patient's physical health would have accomplished nothing for his family, for society, or for himself, other than the dubious privilege of paying for his funeral. To have confined him would also have ended in certain disaster, once he had regained his freedom. The only conceivable treatment to which he — and by far the majority of sufferers — would respond was one which revealed to him, tactfully but overpoweringly, that contentment could only lie in a mode of life that in no degree rested on alcohol.

There are men and women of almost all ages, former alcoholic patients, who have learned to drink in moderation. There are others who have taught themselves, with the doctor's collaboration, that they can never drink again, that it is dangerous even to expose themselves to it. (These are types to whom alcohol will always remain as much a physical as a mental poison, chiefly because of their nervous organism.) I am not uttering propaganda for any one method of psychological attack on the problem. Indeed, cures have been effected in many other ways, by a happy emotional attachment, by religion, even by a self-imposed discipline. But I am saying that alcoholism is curable, and that to regard this mental dislocation with indifference, or with resignation, is the height of social folly.

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Li'l 'Stracted

By

ELIZABETH CARRINGTON EGGLESTON

Li'l 'Stracted danced in the clearing in the pines;
Sunlight stitched with the needles of the pines;
There by the cabin
In the brush-swept clearing,
'Stracted's stick horse
Kept on a'rearing.

"Come in, Li'l 'Stracted,
Time to eat,
Greens and shote and hot corn bread;
If yo' horse is a'kicking
Hit him in the head;
Come on and eat,
Li'l 'Stracted."
"Can my horse have some dinner?"
"Sho' he can.
Put him in the stable
Right by your han'.
Set down now
And bow your head.
The Lawd be blessed
For good corn bread;
The Lawd be blessed
For good fat meat;
And turnip greens
Is good to eat;
Bless de Lawd
For his chillun."

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'Stracted danced in the clearing in the pines —
Sunlight stitched a yellow sheet —
He shuffle-danced, and his little bronze feet
Made a pattern in the clearing
With dust and sunlight and sharp blue shade.

His one-eyed hound pup
Romped and played,
And licked 'Stracted's face
And scratched for fleas,
Till they both went to sleep
By the scrub pine trees
In the clearing.

The District Nurse got out of her car.
"I'm here at last,
And there you are."
The sunlight shook,
And the pattern changed;
A wind came creeping
Out of the trees.
Over in the woods
The thunder rumbled.
"There is going to be a storm,
And the creek is high."
She knocked at the door,
And the thunder grumbled
Low in the sky.
The hound pup whined,
And 'Stracted stirred;
His Mammy came
As soon as she heard.
"Come in Mistis,
And take a cheer."
"You're the woman

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That's living here?"
"Yes'm, I'm Dilsey.
Wake up 'Stracted!
Get the bucket
And run to the spring.
The lady's thirsty
With journeying."

"So you are the mother
Of the idiot child?"
The thunder rolled
Up the sky awhile;
The lightning flashed
Where the sun had shone.
"'Stracted?
He ain't no idjut chile;
He's jest a little 'stracted —
Likin' to dance —
There ain't no harm in 'Stracted."
The clouds were purple
And the black pines hissed
With a swish of branches.
"I can't stay.
The storm is here
And the creek's to cross.
I'll come tomorrow
And take him away."

Dimly Dilsey knew her loss
And was sick with fear.
"Don't take Li'l 'Stracted,
Don't take my chile!"
"The child's an idiot.
The County Board
Will put him in th' Asylum."

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She climbed in her Ford.
"You must have him ready
Well before dark."
The one-eyed pup began to bark,
And 'Stracted ran
And held up the gourd
In his little black hand;
But the Nurse chugged off
In her shiny Ford.

The rain rushed over like a silver hound,
'Stracted danced to its singing beat:
He waved his hands —
And his little black feet
Stitched a pattern upon the silver.
"Come here 'Stracted!
Yo sho' is sweet."
'Stracted shuffle-danced there in the rain;
Pine trees black
And the wind turned cold.

Close to the chimney, shriveled and old,
'Stracted's Granny with her hands all shaking;
"I couldn't hear what the Nuss-woman say
For the fuss the thunder was making."
"Said she's gonna take Li'l 'Stracted away."
"Take him away? He can't go to school."
"She'll take him to th' Asylum —
Says 'Stracted's a fool.
S'pose they's mean to Li'l 'Stracted."
Dilsey threw her apron up over her head,
Mourned like she would
If 'Stracted was dead.
"S'pose they's mean to 'Stracted!"

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They sat by the fire
While it rained outside;
And 'Stracted's Mammy cried and cried;
"They might be mean to 'Stracted;
Who'll be good to Li'l 'Stracted?"
Shriveled old Granny
Smoked her corn-cob pipe,
Knocked out the ashes
In her hard old palm;
"Nobody's gonna do 'Stracted any harm,
Hush your fuss 'bout 'Stracted."
Granny by the chimney in her rocking chair,
Looked in the fire and began to stare —
"Wonder has I forgot the spell,
It used to conjur critters mighty well."
Rocked, and hummed a little tune,
"Tonight's the night of the Harvest Moon."
She picked up a coal and lit her pipe;
"Don't cry 'bout 'Stracted,
'Stracted's ripe.
Don't you cry 'bout 'Stracted."

But Dilsey didn't listen, and wept and wept;
And 'Stracted stretched by the fire and slept.
The rain stopped beating and the clouds blew away,
The moon came up as bright as day.
The old woman rocked to her little tune:
"Tonight's the night of the Harvest Moon,
Critters is out when the moon is high.
Hush up Dilsey, don't you cry.
Don't you cry 'bout 'Stracted."

'Stracted danced in the clearing in the pines:
Moonlight stitched a silver sheet;
'Stracted danced, and his little shirt tail

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Caught the wind like a shining sail,
And his little black hands
And his little black feet
Made patterns upon the silver.
Shadows as sharp as a corn knife blade,
Thrust through the clearing where 'Stracted played
With his one-eyed pup and tobacco-stick horse.

His old black Granny hid in the shade
By the cabin door:
The coal in her pipe
Made an amber star.
Crone in the shadows swayed and swayed,
Low as the wind
Began to croon,
"Come out critters
This your moon,
Here's a little critter
Meant for you."

First came a hare
As soft as dew,
Hopped in the clearing
Where 'Stracted danced,
Sat on his haunches
And listened too.
Then came a ring-tailed
Silver coon,
Slipped through the clearing
And began to dance;
A rat-tailed possum
Came loping up,
Fell in behind
The one-eyed pup;
A sly grey fox,

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A big black bear,
All in the clearing
Dancing there.

Dancing there in the clearing in the pines,
Moonlight stitched their silver coats;
Hare and possum,
Coon and fox,
One-eyed pup
And big black bear,
Dancing, dancing in the moonlight there;
'Stracted shuffling, with his little shirt tail
Full in the wind like a silver sail.

Old black Granny
Hid in the shade
Strange dark signs
With her fingers made.
Swayed, and chanted
A forest tune;
Made dark signs
And pulled on her pipe.
"Take Li'l 'Stracted —
'Stracted's ripe."

Nobody knew what became of 'Stracted.
The District Nurse got mad and acted
Like Dilsey knew what became of him.
The Sheriff took his hounds and searched:
'Stracted wasn't in the pines,
And he wasn't in the clearing,
He wasn't in the creek
As they were fearing.
They searched the cabin inside out
But 'Stracted was gone, without a doubt.

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They searched through gullies and brier patches;
But all they got was mud and scratches.

'Stracted wasn't there;
Couldn't be found;
And neither could his
One-eyed yellow hound;
And there was another funny loss,
Even 'Stracted's tobacco-stick horse
Wasn't anywhere around.
Strange the way his Granny acted:
Didn't mourn for Li'l 'Stracted;
Sat by the fire and smoked her pipe;
"Don't mind 'Stracted,
'Stracted's ripe.
I'll be going mighty soon,
Can't wait now for a Harvest Moon."

Years sift by in the clearing in the pines:
Sunlight, moonlight, April rain
Stitch the patterns of life again.
And some folks see,
When the moon is up,
'Stracted dancing with his one-eyed pup;
And the hare and the possum,
The fox and the coon,
Tobacco-stick horse and big black bear,
Dancing, dancing, dancing there,
Whirling and floating in the Harvest Moon;
'Stracted dancing, and his little shirt tail
Buoyed in the wind like a glistening sail;
And his little black hands
And his little black feet
Make patterns of dark on a silver sheet.

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Devon thought: "I feel so well,
I can talk and laugh. I can
die"—but he didn't.

Noon Magic

GERTRUDE LEVY

THAT MORNING JOHN DEVON waked to full, clarifying vigor, unaccountably rested in body and mind. He stretched at ease, marveling at the sense of freedom from physical discomfort. His wide-open eyes flicked at the glittering array of medicine bottles on the dresser. Then he got up and dressed quickly. There was no petulant fumbling and rejection of neckties, and no dull avoidance of his own mirrored image, as he completed the details of his toilet with decisive speed. The haze which for many months had clouded his mind and senses was gone.

"I feel so well," he said to himself in amazement, "I feel as if I could lick the world!"

He rang for his breakfast, and ate it with keen relish at the alcove window of his hotel sitting-room, looking down with pleasure at the crowded street some twenty stories below. After breakfast he prepared to go out, and made a quick selection from the fifty-odd walking sticks which he had once found it amusing to collect from many parts of the world. He chose almost immediately a stick which he had not used for years, a beautiful Malacca which Theresa had given him, embossed with her monogram, not his. He was pleased that it seemed so smoothly, unemotionally companionable under his hand.

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He left his hotel and swung into an easy pace for a few blocks; but the habit of months persisted, and he stopped in a corner drugstore and telephoned his physician.

"I'm not coming in today," he said. "I feel too damned well even to talk to you."

There was a momentary silence.

"Good," said the doctor cautiously. "But be sensible. Don't overdo it."

"I couldn't today," laughed Devon in reply. "Believe me, Doctor, I'm through with you. You're fired."

"Good," said the doctor, this time heartily. "Come in next week, will you? Just a check-up."

"Right," Devon answered.

He continued cheerfully on his walk up Fifth Avenue, at home in the stupendous medley of sky and stone and roaring traffic. His heart stirred to the orchestral splendor of the thoroughfare, and he looked with interest at the dazzling cornices and streams of pedestrians and rainbow-hued shopwindows, sparkling in extreme contrasts of light and shade. He paused uncertainly at the flamboyant color in a florist's window.

"It's a nuisance, but I ought to do it," he reflected, and he went in and bought a quantity of white roses. Emerging with the box under his arm, he signaled a cab and rode to a house in the east seventies.

The maid conducted him through a long, dim corridor into the parlor, where a portrait of Theresa, painted the year of their marriage, hung in stilted dignity above the mantel. After her death, when travel obviated a home for him, he had presented Theresa's face to her parents. He had not minded the portrait so much when Theresa was alive, with her sudden rages and queer little abject crumplings to break the flatness of this faithfully reproduced beauty; now it chilled him to look past the gold-

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bordered frame at the impeccable cluster of dark curls, the artless eyes, the well-bred smile.

"I knew you better than that, darling," he said wearily to the canvas lips.

Then the thrill of this uniquely alive morning charged his veins again, and he turned from the portrait to inspect again the elaborate furnishings of the room.

HE CHECKED THE TUNE he was whistling softly as Theresa's mother came in and greeted him. She moved silently, unimpeded by her heavy black silk draperies. Like Devon, she used a stick, and leaned more noticeably than usual upon it.

"She looks terrible," he thought, as he kissed her and replied to her salutation.

"I brought some flowers," he said awkwardly, and presented the box. He hated this ceremonial of Theresa's birthday, with his innate resentment of attempts to ritualize the past by means of sentimental markers — but he knew it pleased Mrs. Marshall, and he always conformed.

"My dear John," she said. She lifted the roses to her lips, and placed a few buds on the mantel. "She would have been thirty-nine today," she added absently.

She made a grotesque figure, standing there with the roses and the walking stick, fantastically illumined by broken bars of sunlight from the drawn venetian blinds. He found himself visualizing her in a coffin, a handsome coffin with her large, blank face surrounded with roses, and realized quickly that this was a trick of mind he had gotten into lately, as if death were the reality and everyone a potential corpse moving about on reprieve. It was much the mental attitude he had lived through as a child, when he first learned about sex, and every grown-up was a subject for intense speculation and awesome

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conviction. About every person, the child had wondered: Had this one already done "it?" "It" was a mystery, remote but inevitable. This vicarious experience, first of life, now of death, had become increasingly vivid. He had already been buried in so many graves.

He smiled cheerfully into her pale blue eyes.

"You look very well," she assured him — somewhat maliciously, he thought, knowing she was well aware of the recent wretched condition of his health.

"I'm feeling fine," he told her kindly, penitent for his involuntary betrayal of her. She would live forever. The word *forever* lives. "I feel like a million dollars today, Mother. Put on your hat and let's go somewhere and celebrate with champagne."

Her eyes looked at him hostilely, and then grew coldly tired.

"Champagne doesn't agree with arthritis," she said drily. "I haven't been out of my house in ten weeks, John. I hope I shall feel better when warm weather comes. But I am delighted — " again that note of malice, or did he imagine it? — "to know that you are feeling so well. What does your doctor say?"

"So many things that I've stopped listening to him," Devon laughed. He was suddenly impatient to get away from this room of mausoleum memories and perceptions, and a little dashed that his suggestion for companionship had not availed. He told Mrs. Marshall goodbye as quickly as possible, and clattered his cane in mild defiance as he went down the steps.

He stood on the sidewalk for a moment, with the planlessness of the ill man whose routine for a long time had pivoted on a daily visit to the doctor, and then he decided on his club. In a few minutes he had driven there. He felt a little strange coming into the rooms he had not

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entered for so many months, and was reluctant to face the battery of the dining room alone. A glance as he passed the library showed only Hodgson and Blakely and a few of the older fellows sitting stolidly at their accustomed window line-up.

He went to a telephone and got Judson's secretary, and then Judson; and hugged the receiver with a pleasurable feeling of excitement. Judson had gone to college with him.

"John, old scout, this is great!" Judson cried happily into the telephone. "I've missed you like hell! Damn it, I can't meet you today — distributors' luncheon and I've got to speak there. The midwestern convention has me sewed up all week. But any time next week. Come out to the house for dinner. Alice will be tickled! Stop by for me on Monday and we'll drive out together. Take care of yourself, old fellow."

Devon got Jerry Mayhew's office and replied patiently to Miss Kane's solicitous inquiries about his health. It was warm in the booth, and he gripped the cane tightly with his knees and felt for a handkerchief.

"Mr. Mayhew is in Bermuda, and won't be back for two weeks," she told him. "I'm writing him today, and I know he will be very happy to hear such good news of you. Any special message?"

"All of 'em," said Devon, cheerfully but a little wistfully. "Tell him to quit his deep sea diving and get back here. I need him."

"I'll do it," she promised.

Devon thought restlessly of his list of friends, and with a momentary stab of fright realized that he could not fasten upon a name. He fanned himself with his hat. It was stuffy in the booth. Then he remembered Ellen Clyde — and the disproportionate wave of relief startled him into a

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smile. He thumbed the pages of the directory hurriedly. It had been a long time since he called her. Women seldom understood or excused long absences. Still. . . . Amused at his own persistence in this matter of a luncheon companion, he chuckled triumphantly as Ellen's throaty voice intoned a deep helloa in his ear.

"I'm celebrating my convalescence. Meet me at the Ritz for luncheon," he urged eagerly.

"John, dear, is it really you? This is splendid, but a little sudden. Let me see," Ellen deliberated. "I have such a full day! I'm afraid I can't meet you for luncheon, although I'd love to see you! What about tonight?"

Anger at the checkmate fought with Devon's rising fear of loneliness. His mind registered a picture of Ellen and her three Persian cats, and the careful artifice of her femininity functioning in its own arranged setting. He didn't want that! Something inside him cried urgently for the thrust and push of a flesh-and-blood parade, even though one moved through it with a paper-thin accomplice.

"I'm talking about luncheon," he argued. "Can't you get out of something? Be a good girl, and meet me!"

"I really can't, John," she said regretfully. He sensed in her voice a pleasurable awareness of this modest struggle of wills, and knew she would make it a point of coquetry not to yield. "She can go to the devil," he thought irritably, in no mood for sparring. Yet in his nervousness for the evening he temporized to the extent of telling her he would call her later.

HE LEFT HIS CLUB without speaking to any acquaintance, and went to the St. Regis and ordered a large luncheon. He took a long time over it, detailing instructions of preparation to the waiter, and finding excuses to make

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pleasant comments to the obediently responsive man. He ate with enjoyment, and a good champagne stimulated him to a glow approaching the morning's exhilaration. He smiled to himself at his brief despondency.

"After dropping out of sight all these months, you can't expect to pick up friends at a moment's notice," he told himself reasonably. "Great Scott, man, the important thing is, you are well! Your shock-absorber is working again — little disappointments mustn't affect you. You feel like a super-strong human being! Nothing holds any fears for you today!"

He noted with annoyance that his head was beginning to ache slightly, and he decided that he would not see Ellen that evening. Then it came over him with a strong sense of revelation that his spurt of inner force was transitory, and would not and could not last. Weeks ago the doctor had told him frankly that he was living on "borrowed time." He felt so well today that he could laugh at this notion, but at some future period, presumably short, if he were still walking about, it would have to be true again.

He crumbled a fragment from a tablet in his pocket and swallowed it hastily. Calmly he summoned to his mind the anticipation of death which, through so many sleepless nights, had been a vivid and imminent menace to his ill body and spirit. Now he had just put a beefsteak under his belt, and liked it. In his new strength he could shrug away those sickroom fantasies, and he could face the thought of life or death equably and without horror. All this was true today. Would it be true tomorrow?

His headache magically melted away. The logical processes of his mind were in full sway now, and gripped him to the point of enthrallment in their certain reckon-

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ing, as he sat at his table, a spectator, sipping his wine. Loneliness was a problem to be faced, if there was to be a future. In his present tranquillity he felt no fear of it, but the prospect bored him. Next week, or next year, it might become an obsession, inextricably mixed with his apprehension of the eternal loneliness of the grave.

He tried to recapture the specter, and could not.

"I feel so well today that I could commit suicide," he said to himself, smiling.

The thought intrigued him. It swelled within his head, until it filled him with a strange excitement. He tasted his ice cream, and the shock of cold on his teeth brought to mind a visit to a dentist which he had made as a little boy, and the horror which had filled him at the verdict that a tooth had to be drawn. Weeping, he had begged so hard for the dubious grace of postponement that the dentist had been obliged to yield. Next day he had walked into the office and endured the ordeal with cool courage. This was a very good day to go to the dentist.

"It would be a sane thing to do," thought Devon. "The doctor said my threshold of resistance is low. I know what he means — it's that chunk of inner stability which acts as a ballast between normality and goofiness. Like those pot-bellied little salt-shakers they have in the arty tearooms — you hit one and the weighted bottom makes it swing back. Only if the weight is removed, the shaker won't stand up again. It just keels over. It takes me longer and longer to recover from every punch. I've got to reason and think too much to act calmly and temperately. I can do it, but it's too much effort. Something will happen, any little thing, and I will begin to brood and fear again. Death will become monstrous and terrible. Today I feel wonderful, strong as iron. I wouldn't mind dying at all."

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"Something else, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No, thank you. Everything was fine," Devon said. The peculiar little smile was on his lips as he paid his check and left the restaurant.

"Am I really going to do this?" he thought, as he walked up Fifth Avenue. The smile had vanished as he turned west on 59th Street. It was a familiar locality, with his doctor's office in the next block. He stopped in at the pharmacy where he was accustomed to having prescriptions filled, and asked for another bottle of the tablets he had in his pocket.

"Aren't you back a bit early? You just had it filled last week, Mr. Devon," said the pharmacist.

"I'm going away on a trip, and want a supply to take along."

"I see. All right, sir. Just a few minutes."

Devon sat down to wait, very tranquil and quiet, only it did not seem like himself but some actor wearing the face and clothes of John Devon. The actor was a nice simple fellow with a blank mind, not a thought in it. Devon instructed him carefully when the pharmacist appeared at the counter: "Just go over now and get those tablets."

"Here they are," said the pharmacist. "Two dollars is right. How are you feeling today, Mr. Devon?"

"Very well, thank you," said Devon. "I probably won't need these, but it seemed best to take them along."

"It's a nice time of year for a trip," said the pharmacist. "I'm glad you are feeling better. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon," said Devon. He crossed Sixth Avenue and entered Central Park. He walked a little distance into the park, and sat down on an untenanted bench. He took off his hat and wiped his brow.

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"Look here, what are you worrying about?" he said to himself sternly. "You don't have to do this! You can chuck them into the lake, and let Nature drag you off by the scruff of your neck in her own good time. And she will! With a few more bumps, maybe, than you would give yourself. It seems more rational to open the door when you are feeling fit."

IT WAS A DELIGHTFUL DAY. The sun shone warmly, and the air was fresh and invigorating. A good many people were walking about, most of them nicely dressed. The women wore fluttering bits of colorful scarfs above their dark garments, and stepped along gaily, many of them arm-in-arm with men. Children were running back and forth, laughing and shouting at their games. Devon sat and watched them, and smiled back at the children who smiled at him. Slowly the tragic, inexorable conviction overwhelmed him that this bright, peaceful scene was a mockery and an illusion, and that all of these gay, free-moving automatons must some day sit alone, as he was sitting, and vanish into dust.

"It's a beautiful world on the surface, but hollow inside," he said to himself quietly. "No use to go on. The way out now is easy. Later on it may be hard."

A curious tide of jubilation arose within him, as he made his decision and detailed the simplicity of his exit. He would sit there peacefully until sunset, savoring this last afternoon and saying goodbye to the world at his own leisure, not life's. His affairs long ago had been systematized; there was nothing to worry about on that score. Spiritually his bag was packed, and he was in the pink of condition. What better time for setting out on a journey?

Theresa was gone, and his parents, and many of his

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friends. Surely an earth so rich could be trusted to receive the ashes of the puppet docketed John Devon.

His reverie was interrupted by the alarmed shout of a child. He looked up, and saw that a little girl had fallen down a shallow embankment quite near him. She was crying as she tried to pick herself up. Some distance up the path a nurse was running toward her.

Devon stepped down the embankment and lifted the little girl to her feet. He brushed her off with his handkerchief, and uttered soothing words until the nurse, breathless from running, joined them.

"It serves you right, Margie, for running away like that. You had no business to run away from Gaga, and I've told you that so many times," the nurse scolded. She was young and pretty, and a length of slender leg showed as she knelt down and adjusted the child's disarranged clothing, and made a hasty inspection of injuries.

The child sobbed louder than ever, still clutching tightly at Devon's hand.

"Stop crying now, and tell me what hurts you," the nurse said less severely. "Gaga isn't angry with you, Margie. Only she doesn't like you to run away. Where does it hurt, darling?"

Margie's sobs grew somewhat quieter. "My knee hurts," she sniffled, exhibiting a smudge.

"There, Gaga will kiss it and the hurt will all go away," crooned the nurse, kissing the knee several times, and then the little girl's wet face.

"And my hand," said Margie, sticking out a very grimy hand.

Nurse kissed the hand, then looked up apologetically at Devon.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," she

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said. "It was very kind of you to come and help us like this. Margie, thank the gentleman nicely."

Margie whispered an indistinct thank you.

"You are very welcome," said Devon. He bowed a farewell to Gaga and Margie, staring absently at the nurse's daintily rounded figure, her healthy pink cheeks and smiling lips. She seemed to belong in the landscape of budding young trees and bushes, and he noticed that her eyes were the same color as the hazel-green twigs. With a slight sense of shock, he saw those eyes twinkling back at him with a look of unmistakable interest.

"Was I staring too hard?" he wondered confusedly.

Obviously, nurse wanted another word.

"It was very kind of you," she repeated. "I tell her all the time that she shouldn't ever run away, but she doesn't listen, and that's what happens."

Devon searched for a reply.

"She is a very lucky little Margie to have a Gaga to kiss away the hurt," he offered.

Nurse was really very pretty, with fluffy blonde hair arranged becomingly under her saucer-shaped blue hat, which her small hands were now adjusting with graceful motions. Her eyes, her lips, the waving folds of her blue cloak, rippled a gay response to his gallantry.

"She wants to stay," he thought, surprised.

All three were now walking in the direction of Devon's bench. Margie seized the cane which he had left lying there.

"T. M. D.," she spelled out the monogram which Theresa had had cut to her own design in Rome; then she looked up expectantly for praise.

"Put down the gentleman's cane," said the nurse.

"Oh, that's all right. Let her play with it," Devon said quickly.

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Margie took up the cane and skipped down the path. Devon and the nurse seated themselves on the bench.

"It's a lovely day," she said. She settled back comfortably, crossing her knees, and looked intently at her flexed, well-shaped little foot.

"Beautiful," Devon agreed. The sun flooded through him, relaxing his body to warm, conscious ease. A strong sense of power pervaded his entire being. His mind rang like a bell: I feel so well. I can laugh and talk. I can die.

IN THE FULLNESS of that moment, he knew that he was at the supreme pinnacle of his existence, able to survey and to direct his fate. He had faced his alternatives, and determined his course; and by that decision he had attained the power to make it real. For the first time in his life he experienced the triumph of choice between life and death, which his mind had never previously admitted. He was no longer a pawn pushed mercilessly by destiny, but ruler unchallenged, and the knowledge was an intoxicating draught.

"It's a lovely park," said the nurse. "*We* come out every fair day."

"I don't come here very often," Devon said.

"*We* live very near," said the nurse. "See that big apartment house with the green tower?"

"That's very convenient," Devon answered. "I don't live far away, but I don't come here very often. I see I've been missing a lot."

"Maybe not," the nurse smiled and gestured rhythmically, head and toe. "I hardly ever talk to a stranger, but you were so nice and kind. I think a person has to use their own judgment, don't you?"

"Absolutely. It's the only thing to do," Devon replied gravely. Suddenly he was intensely anxious to make

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something clear to her, and to himself — "And sometimes things come out right. They couldn't be wrong all the time, or the world wouldn't go on."

"My, you sound serious!" said the nurse, looking at him uncomfortably. She smiled her ready smile at him, a little uneasily. "Why are you so serious, on such a nice day?"

"I'm lonely!" Devon cried, surprisingly and alarmingly. "I haven't anybody to enjoy a nice day with me." His voice was trembling, and he cursed himself inwardly in a violent effort to steady it. "I guess you have lots of friends," he tried to say lightly.

After a long pause, the nurse remarked:

"Well, not so many. I guess everybody gets lonely sometimes. But you're so *serious*!"

Their eyes met, and at the urgency in his, hers grew startled, then became actually frightened. Their linked gaze grew unbearable, and Devon tried frantically to soften his.

"This is my last quarter to toss! Don't let me lose!" he prayed desperately. "Help me! Help me! I've nothing more to gamble. Help me!"

Her hands twisted nervously. She averted her eyes. Then, as he watched, the tense line of her lips relaxed into warm color, and grew soft and pouting. A smile formed. Devon smiled, too, trying to master the trembling curve of his lips.

"It would be nice if you and I could have dinner together some evening. Maybe tonight," he said casually.

"I don't see how. But if I could, sometime . . . you . . . you wouldn't get the wrong idea about me, would you?"

"Of course not," said Devon, still very casual. "Indeed not! But it would be fun tonight, seeing that we have just met. Please do!"

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"It's my night on. I'd have to make a good excuse," said the nurse doubtfully.

"But you *will* do it! Oh, you will," Devon cried.

"My goodness! All right, then," she said. "But I can't get away before eight. And we've got to make a place to meet. I must go now. Mar-gee! Come on, dear."

Margie stopped skipping and walked toward them, dragging the cane behind her with its burnished head bumping in the dust. Devon thought wildly: "That's all past now. I must bury it deep."

He smiled at the nurse and whispered: "I'll be waiting in a taxi at Sixty-first and Fifth, from quarter to eight on. Maybe you'll be early."

"I'll try," she said, rising. Her goodbye smile was generous and friendly. "You mustn't be so serious!" she admonished.

"I won't," Devon pledged himself.

After they had gone, he sat for a little while longer on the bench. There were no clear thoughts in his mind, only an excited jumble of thoughts which blended into a warm vagueness. Gradually something emerged, something he had promised to do. He must call Ellen. He would tell her that he had forgotten — so sorry — a previous engagement for that very evening. He would be quite definite — an engagement for the theatre. Sentences and plans formed with glowing anticipation in his mind as he left the bench and walked briskly to the drugstore and a telephone.

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Why Women Refuse to be
Led by Other Women

Women Don't Like Themselves

By

GRACE ADAMS

MADAME, THE PRESIDENT!

How long before all good Americans will be addressing their highest executive with those words?

A group of idealists in New York City evidently think the time is not far off. At least they have formed a society which has for its sole objective the vision of some day elevating a woman to the highest executive position in the United States.

But if these impractical moon-gazers really cared anything about real facts and figures, they would immediately close their desks, cut off their lights, disconnect their telephones, lock their office doors, and go back to their knitting. For so long as these United States remain a democracy whose rulers are chosen by popular vote, just that long will these chosen rulers continue to be men.

This does not mean that there might not be somewhere within this country, and at this very hour, a woman as capable of handling the affairs of her nation as were her most illustrious historical predecessors — Catherine of Russia, Cleopatra of Egypt, and England's notoriously virgin Elizabeth. It does not mean, either, that should such a woman actually appear in our midst, the sensible men in this country would not greet her with loud huz-

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zahs and, with unashamed tears of gratitude, thrust their wearisome burdens of governmental perplexities upon her comely shoulders.

But it does mean, and emphatically, that should such a woman possess all the noblest and most endearing traits of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, she could still never call the White House her own — as opposed to her husband's — home. Because the great majority of American women would never stand for the foolishness of having another woman lording it over them.

The truth is that, so far as its original intent and purpose is concerned, the movement for woman's suffrage has been a dismal and a colossal flop. The Nineteenth Amendment is still an integral part of our constitution, and it is likely to remain so, for after all it really does no one any great harm. Yet actually it has been, though considerably less vicious, not one whit more effective than the eighteenth was.

When in 1920 the men of this nation granted to their wives and sweethearts and aunts and nieces the right not only to vote but to hold public office, they proved as conclusively as possible that they considered them capable of holding such office. But what have the women themselves done with this right?

To date they have done exactly nothing. For all the good they accomplished, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Carrie Chapman Catt and all the grim old girls who crusaded so righteously for woman's political equality, might just as well have stayed at home and raised babies or turnip seeds. Their raucous campaigns never got them nor their fellow club members anywhere.

Women have gone far in America in the last sixteen years, to be sure. But not in politics. Women are holding public office today. Certainly they are. And many of

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them are doing an acceptable job of it, too. There are more women like Secretary Perkins and Judge Allen and the Misses Lenroot and Anderson who preside over the destinies of two important divisions of the Department of Labor.

BUT HOW DID THESE WOMEN come by their exalted positions? Through other women leaving their dishes in the sink and their stews on the stove, and rushing to the polls to vote for them? Far from it. Not one of them was elected to these offices. They were all appointed to them, and by men, even higher on the nation's honor roll than they, who recognized their abilities and sought to reward them suitably.

There are at present two women among the ninety-six Senators of the United States, and six females among the 429 male members of the House of Representatives. And during the past twenty years ten other women have flitted into Washington, quietly taken their seats in Congress and, after their first two years were up, just as quietly relinquished them.

And who are these women? How were they selected for their offices? And what have they done for their country since they have held them?

Are they outstanding club women like Anne Morgan or Grace Morrison Poole? Or hard working feminists like Genevieve Parkhurst or Eleanor Roosevelt? Or women with proved executive ability like Mary Dillon who is president of the Brooklyn Edison Company, or Mrs. William Sawyer who owns the Nehi Bottling Works, or Rose Knox who controls the gigantic geletin company which bears her name? Are they women of strong and independent opinions, capable of upholding their convictions against the keenest of masculine logic?

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Most decidely they are not. Both lady Senators and the majority of the lady Representatives are simple, conventional and, on the whole, rather mediocre housewives, who happened in their youth to marry men who later became statesmen and still later died in office. It was the sentimentality of the governors of their states, not the political will of their fellow citizens, which placed them in the positions which they have held so placidly (just as long before the Nineteenth Amendment was conceived a governor of Georgia made eighty-seven-year-old Rebecca Felton the first woman Senator). No one knows what they have done since they went to Washington. And few people outside their immediate neighborhoods at home even remember their names.

If you don't believe this, then try for yourself to identify the states which Marian Clark or Effiegne Wingo or Willa Eslike represented.

Even the wealth and prestige of their own and their husbands' families were not powerful enough to re-elect such relatively prominent women as former Representatives Ruth Hanna McCormick, Ruth Bryan Owen and Ruth Baker Pratt after their first terms in Congress had expired.

And the votes which made Nellie Ross Governor of Wyoming and Ma Ferguson Governor of Texas were really tributes not to these two ladies themselves but to their husbands who had held the same offices before them and then for one reason or another become ineligible to hold them again.

Since ballot boxes are sacredly secret affairs in this country, we cannot state positively that the contrary votes of women have defeated without exception every lady Representative that stood for re-election on her own individual merits — but we can be fairly sure of it.

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In the first place there is absolutely no recorded evidence of that mythical "sex antagonism" on the part of men about which so many disappointed and embittered females speak so vehemently. Quite the contrary. Men have been not just willing, but actually eager, to give capable women strenuous boosts up the ladder of fame — not only in public life, but in business, in the professions, and in all manner of strange and unexpected enterprises.

It was men, not women, who backed and encouraged Amelia Earhart's solo flights across two oceans. It was men, again, who promoted Dr. Alice Hamilton to an exalted position in the medical faculty of Harvard University, and Dr. Florence Sabin to an even higher place in the Rockefeller Institute. It was men, once more, who elected more than a thousand women to boards of directors of the banks of the country. After these women had won their honors, their sisters and girl friends applauded them lustily, but they gave them precious little help when they needed that help most urgently.

EVEN MORE PERTINENT to the question of political sex antagonism is this simple little fact: the majority of women who have been elected to Congress have come from the mining states of the West where men voters are much more numerous than women; while Eastern states like Alabama, South Carolina and Delaware, where the female votes actually outnumber the male, have never sent a single woman to Washington — or even to their own state capitols.

It isn't only that women in the East have more votes to cast than men. Throughout the entire country they have more real, hard economic power. Women are no longer the sheltered, pampered darlings that they were twenty-five years ago. Most of them are now alert, clear-eyed,

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hard-headed citizens of the modern world. More than ten millions of them are now making their own livings in more varied occupations than any one person could possibly imagine.

Aside from the countless thousands who preside over tea rooms, beauty parlors, circulating libraries, antique shops, and similar peculiarly feminine establishments, 6,825 of them are qualified physicians ministering every day to the sick; 1,287 are pulling and filling teeth in their own dental offices; 3,385 with their lawyers' licences are either arguing legal cases or presiding over them; 1,793 are selling stocks and bonds; 632 are conducting pawn shops; 1,502 are driving trucks and taxicabs; 3,276 in ministerial robes are preaching the Gospel to their less consecrated sisters and brethren; and more than 2,000 are preparing the dead for burial in undertaking parlors or guarding their graves in cemeteries. Quite obviously American women are no longer delicate little flowers, but hard-boiled human beings who know their way around.

What is more, they actually control the purse strings of the nation. They may not make the most billions, but eventually they own them.

Most of us become so groggy when contemplating the gigantic fortunes which glamorous young women like Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton have inherited from their daddies and granddaddies, that we forget the smaller amounts that are continually passing from the estates of dead men into the bank accounts of their very much alive feminine relatives. But the simple truth is that the oftener men die the richer do women become. Wives and daughters and aunts and nieces, and occasionally girl friends, are the beneficiaries of more than eighty per cent of all the insurance policies in this country.

Women have acquired so much money in so many

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different ways within recent years that they now control almost half of all the railroad and public utility stocks in America, and more than two-thirds of all the savings bank deposits. If money talks in politics, and those in the know about such matters declare that it does, then the female voice is potentially much louder than the male.

If women really wanted to be governed by members of their own sex, Washington would even now be overrun with their sisters and cousins and sorority chums and bridge pals. And the men who once dominated the halls of Congress would be back home again trying to find themselves new jobs.

But, quite obviously, women want no such thing. And why? Because most women are still more idealistic about the government of this country than about the moral qualities of their own sex. Most women still believe, though realities often seriously try such faith, that this nation *should* be ruled by persons who are brave and wise and trustworthy. However much the average woman may disparage the average man, she secretly believes that the male sex is more generously and more generally blessed with these high virtues than is the female.

Women have shown themselves ready enough to reward other women's unique abilities when applied to problems less vital than those which concern the policies of the nation. It is the patronage of women which enables Garbo and Crawford and other dazzling beauties to receive such stupendous salaries for posturing before the camera. It is the purchases of women which allows Fannie Hurst and Kathleen Norris and Faith Baldwin to acquire such fabulous royalties from their books. It is the dimes and quarters and dollars spent each day by women which makes it possible for thousands of other women to gain their livelihood by designing clothes and preparing food

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and, eventually, to attain the renown in such enterprises that Milgrin and Alice Foote McDougall have. And it is the sincere interest of women that keeps the most trivial acts of the wives of great men continually in the headlines.

But, at least so the average woman thinks, the governing of the nation is a more serious business than writing novels, posing for pictures, putting feathers on hats or lettuce between sandwiches. And this more serious business, she feels, had best be left in the hands of men.

After men are elected to office they may break their promises and betray the sacred trusts with which they are invested. When they do, women are disturbed and disappointed. Yet when the next election day rolls around they vote again for men.

For they still believe, no matter how many or how painful the exceptions, that most men are by nature capable of honesty, integrity and keeping faith. But they know, because they know themselves and their feminine friends and relatives so well, that most women are not. They appreciate that their own sex may be quicker with its sympathy and kinder in its heart than the opposite sex. But they are forced to admit that it always has a darn hard time keeping either a secret or a promise. They agree with James Branch Cabell that "the trouble is no lady can ever be a gentleman."

And so they prefer to leave the vital policies of their country to those who possess at least the potentialities of gentlemen.

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The Gentler Sex
Still Struggles—
For a Man

Why Women Make No Sense

ARTHUR STRINGER

SYLVIA WANTED TO SEE THE STARS from our host's six by twelve penthouse terrace.

"Won't you freeze in that thin frock?" I asked as we stepped out.

Sylvia's laugh was as crisp and cool as the night air.

"It came from Paris," was her elliptical yet contented reply.

"What's Paris got to do with it?" I demanded as I studied her gown while she studied the stars. There was about enough of it, apparently, to dust a flute. It accentuated Sylvia's secret lines of loveliness, but it could no more conserve calories than a baby's breath could stop a bullet.

"If you were a woman," said Sylvia, "you'd realize that when you wear the Right Thing you really air-condition your soul. Weather doesn't count."

"Why doesn't it?"

"Because civilized woman can get an inner glow from the knowledge she's properly gowned which even religion can't give her."

"Then," I retorted, "she'd better get a God a little bigger than her own barbaric body."

"Men won't let her," was Sylvia's reply. And that

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prompted me to think of Sylvia as a type, as the pride of Park Avenue and the flower of our civilization.

But it was as hard to estimate Sylvia as it was to be honest with her. It takes something more than brute courage to spill the beans about the Fair Sex — who are so often unfair — since Truth, with a woman, seems to be that which, at the moment, she wishes to be true. She refuses to be honest even with herself.

"We must still stoop to conquer," proclaimed Sylvia.

Whereat I tried to forget Sylvia's charm and for once in my life inspect her under the cold light of reason. I didn't, of course, need to venture very far into morphology to decipher certain fundamental differences between man and woman. The male, I pointed out to the quite unimpressed Sylvia, is both bigger and stronger than the female. His legs are longer and his lungs are deeper. His reach is wider, his grasp is firmer, and the architecture of his entire frame is more fitted for combat. But besides having a body of greater muscular power he has combined with his so-called brute strength a mechanical aptitude unknown to his mate.

That mate has the finer skin, the lighter organs, the less stable pelvic walls, with the ventral aspect overburdened by mammary glands indicative of a fecundity now largely outlived. Her limbs and trunk are more rounded, and much as the fashion vagaries of the moment may prompt her to torture her torso-contours into a perpetuation of adolescent flatness, her readier tendency to put on fat is a natural expression of her anabolism at the same time that it stands a never ending warning to go light on the carbohydrates. And if man is linearly more impressive, woman is æsthetically more alluring. Her body was made to allure, to be loved, for certain implacable biologic purposes.

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But the factor of allurement, I contended, is never fixed. It alters with both time and geography. The artists of the Renaissance, for example, were united in over-emphasizing the mother-of-the-world aspects of woman's physique.

"Yes, they made us rather like cows," agreed my compressed and straitened companion. "And the modern woman doesn't care to be painted as half fool and half saint and entirely surrounded by fat."

But anthropology, I maintained, compels us to accept woman, on the somatic scale, as intermediary between the child and the man. Her skull may be more gracefully rounded than man's, but it's undeniably smaller.

"I don't think you've any right to crow about that," said Sylvia, "since the little clock still keeps as good time as the big clock."

But there are, I argued, other differences of structure and function, differences so basic and obvious they scarcely needed to be enumerated. Anyway, it's about woman's character, I told Sylvia, that I was now intimately concerned.

"Studying her," interpolated Sylvia, "very much as you study the hyena behind its zoo bars, rather grateful for its captivity while somewhat curious as to its disposition!"

BUT I REFUSED TO BE SIDETRACKED. I proceeded to point out that the most conspicuous delusion of our opening century was the naïve belief as to woman's sudden and fundamental change of character. The New Woman — who has been described as never quite new and never quite a lady — was acclaimed as different from her sister of yesterday. She had been emancipated. And she was to use her new-found freedom for the reformation of

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the world in general and Man in particular. Having duly indicted her oppressor, she seemed determined to tame him, just as her sisters of the Stone Age domesticated the pig.

"Which proved much more amenable to our refining influence," sighed the indignant Sylvia. But I let that pass.

Once the silent partner of man, I pursued, woman became amazingly garrulous about the generation she was going to make over, like a last year's gown. Having battled for power, she was strong for progress. At least she thought she was.

But progress is neither bought like a new bonnet nor carried home like a rouge-compact. When, a little earlier in the century, woman was panting after suffrage with Pankhurstian fervor, and reactionary man chanced to say to her: "Slow and steady, sister," she scratched his face, and when cornered and confronted by superior force, used the claws of expediency to scramble up the sheltering tree of sex-chivalry.

"But men tried some crazy revolutions of their own," Sylvia reminded me.

Man had, I acknowledged; but he'd also lost a few of his romantic ideas about sudden reforms. He'd also learned that people can't cleanse life as a cat cleanses its body, by the use of the tongue alone. Yet, with a toleration rather amazing in a bully so steeped in tyranny, he at least gave woman her right to vote and a handful of other rights which were lost sight of in the hurly-burly about the ballot. He let her climb aboard the bandwagon, where the riding wasn't any too easy.

"Of course," agreed Sylvia. "For we had your Great War to show us you weren't such a howling success at running your old world."

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Man had had his problems, I affirmed, but he had also acquired patience. He had sat silent when, with the immediacy of her sex, woman clamored for the reformation of the world by legislative enactment and the elimination by Act of Congress of divers social evils for which prehistoric Protozoa may presumptively be held responsible.

If woman's passion for suffrage rights proved suspiciously like the school cadet's craving for a wooden gun, confusing the ornamental with the effectual, confounding instinct with object, it must be remembered that woman still had as little comprehension of man's social psychology as the bluebird preening itself on a telegraph-wire has of the Morse code. His organizing and inventing was not of her world, since she is matched only by the savage in her disdain for his esoteric engines and motors and dynamos and all the machinery that took away from her those ancient tribal occupations which once absorbed her tribal unrest.

"But we didn't ask for 'em," said Sylvia. "And about all they've given us is big cities and smoky air and traffic jams and bad nerves."

"Yet it made considerably easier going for you," I ventured as I glanced down at Sylvia's two-ounce slippers, which would have been impossible before the era of asphalt pavements. "The factory has taken away your handicraft and left you with too little to do. So you concentrate your attention on your own frustrated person, and go after glamor. You make a life-study of ornamental apparel and disguise yourself under a coat of chemical coloring and spend exactly half a billion dollars a year on cosmetics."

"And make ourselves exactly what men want us to be," persisted my companion, who proceeded to tell me the

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story of the irate husband who sent his wife upstairs to wash off all her make-up and then commanded her, when she reappeared in decalcimined purity, to go upstairs and put it all on again.

"But did you ever sit down and reason out just why you use warpaint?" I asked.

"We don't need to reason it out," answered Sylvia. "It's like cove lighting. We're satisfied with the effect without inquiring into its source." She stopped for a moment to apply a coating of what looked like agricultural red to her insurrectionary lips. "It's like a picture," she went on as she tucked away her vanity-case. "We want the color scheme to be as perfect as possible. And you can't argue a woman out of trying to look her best."

"By being an artist every morning and painting a picture of youth on your own epidermis?" I demanded. "By doing yourself into a daily masterpiece of deception?"

Sylvia's laugh was quiet and casual.

"Beauty may be only skin deep," she said, "but homeliness doesn't get you over any hurdles."

IT WOULD ONLY ANNOY HER, I knew, to ask whether that was any excuse for women turning themselves into lithographed liars.

"When you put that red on your lips," I said instead, "do you stop to think that a naturally red lip is a proclamation of sound health and sane living? It advertises you as a potentially good mate, with the promise that an adequate blood-count and an equally satisfactory heart action may be transmitted to your offspring. It makes you instinctively desirable, in other words, to some heir-desiring man, even though he doesn't always stop to ask why."

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"Sometimes," said Sylvia, "it seems to take more than a red lip."

"Of course. There are other mate-snaring devices we don't need to go into. But the point I'm getting at, Sylvia, is this: if you can live all wrong and have a poor circulation and yet keep up the appearance of a good one, if you can forge a passport into the kingdom of bodily health with half an ounce of cosmetics, if you can fool that potential mate and impose your anemia and your inadequate metabolism on him, isn't there danger that the natural processes of selection will be interfered with and that your man, without knowing it, may be getting only the second best, instead of the best which both common sense and eugenics call for?"

"I never heard of a man," Sylvia retorted, "marrying a woman for her make-up. That would be as crazy as choosing a car for the paint job on its cowl and forgetting all about the engine. And there's one point you're overlooking. I mean the mental effect of make-up on the abandoned lady who uses it. You're always talking about the war of the sexes. But in that war, or in any war, people fight better when they're in uniform. And when we put on make-up we really put on a uniform. It strengthens our morale. It gives us confidence and courage."

"About the same," I suggested, "as two or three gin-rickeys would do?"

"Oh, we don't lose our heads, old dear. It's you men who seem to do that." Sylvia's laugh was self-assured. "We emulate the rose and trap your attention by color. We do what the flower does with the over-busy and blundering honey-bee. You see, we can't afford to be overlooked."

"But when make-up converts a second-class woman

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into a first-class one — to the eye — it's really a system of inflation, of what you might call beauty inflation. And distinction isn't distinction when it becomes universal. Instead of depending on the chemist's laboratory you ought to be looking to the laboratory under your belt, the visceral one that always supplies the proper coloring when women live properly."

Sylvia looked me over with a caustic eye.

"Fiddlesticks," she snapped. "We don't try to deceive anyone. For *you* know, all along. And *we* know that you know. And *you* know that we know that you know. Though you don't know, apparently, that nowadays a woman feels rather naked without her lipstick. It leaves her so uncomfortably conspicuous. It makes her look as if she'd hauled down the flag and was about to surrender to the undertaker. And when a woman gives up trying to be attractive she may as well give up the ghost."

That, I argued, was precisely the point I was getting at. Outside the sex issue woman had as yet no clear-cut plan of life. When man's industrial and political machinery, which should have left her days fuller and freer by giving her ampler time and energy for the development of civic and cultural duties, failed to narrow the gulf between the two sexes and left it, to man's loss as much as to her own, as abysmally unbridged as before, she blithely powdered her nose and turned her face in the other direction. She went native. Being the prisoner of her own personal instabilities, the victim of her own neural organization, fretted with the incorrigibly teetering mind of the emotionalist, she confounded man by converting her earlier parade of force into a parade of charm. Instead of storming about the ship with a pirate's knife in her teeth, she made herself comfortable on the bridge-deck with a vanity-case in her hand.

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Having romanticized the ballot and got nothing much out of it, she proceeded to bite off quite a different sort of freedom. Tired of feminism, she had a try at masculinism. She proposed to build her own bridge across the old gulf. Since she could not emulate man in his stolid-minded acceptance of compromise, since she could not shake him in his strength, she decided to encourage him in his weakness. She saw the thinness of his armor-plate and submarined him into a new servility. She capitalized his king complex and made herself his flowing purple of splendor. She even specialized in social irresponsibility and like Peter Pan refused to grow up. She learned to smoke and say swear words and give the older generation gooseflesh by the candor with which she talked biology. And just about the time the archeologists were digging their six-thousand-year-old rouge-pots out of the barrel-vaulted Temenos of Nebuchadnezzar she proved her kinship with her Babylonian sister by confronting the twentieth century with the Flapper.

"That word, I think, has grown just a trifle shoddy and thin," observed the cloudy-eyed Sylvia.

"Not as thin as our patience with what it stands for," I promptly retorted. For man is tolerant, and woman pretty well knows it. Even her militancy was little more than the antics of a pampered and irascible boudoir-pet yelping about a scarred and indifferent street mastiff. Even her hunger strikes were seven-tenths compounded of sex-parade, being merely a left-handed bid for male chivalry and little more than the fainting spell of the vaporish she-impostor of the Victorian era brought up to date.

"But we got over swooning," announced the quietly smiling Sylvia.

"If you did," I retorted, "it was because you were

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satisfied to parade your fragility in another way. In this generation your advertisement of a factitious delicacy takes the form of a hairlined eye-brow. For that ethereализing arch, after all, is the parlor-floor collapse of yesterday translated into a new announcement of frailty."

"But men have a few tricks of their own," interrupted Sylvia. "God most certainly meant them to grow beards. But every morning they deforest their faces and try to make us think they're not as ape-like as the Lord intended them to be."

"Let's go back to our muttons," I said with what dignity I could command. And I proceeded to point out that Sylvia's sisters, after their earlier forlorn show of force, threw their caps over the windmill and reverted to a more rudimentary show of form. Women no longer fussed about being irreclaimable; what seemed to hurt was being unclaimed. Woman might, in her newfound idleness, belong to the Army of the Unemployed, but she had no intention of marching in the Army of the Unenjoyed. So she professionalized her prettiness. She reverted to the dazzle habit and once more became the show animal of this so-called civilized world. Finding herself with idle hands, she proceeded to capitalize her ancient sex charm and stun man with her beauty where she had failed to hold him by her faded heroisms of service.

"We have to marry in some way," Sylvia protested. "You see, it still rather hurts to be an old maid."

AND THAT WAS TRUE ENOUGH. Nature had implanted in woman both the desire and the need for a mate. But to that mate she was no longer an economic necessity. She was no longer needed to scrape hides and tan leather and

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spin wool and grind meal for a home-circle as slenderized as her own grimly harnessed figure. Man, too cruelly gallant, had taken that out of her hands. So, first to arrest him during the mating season and later to hold him after the new capture had created a new home unit, she must remain desirable or go down before more attractive rivals. She must please the eye or pass on. And the lordly male, confronted by a display so progressively competitive, obviously became more critical, more difficult to stimulate. He could react, eventually, only to excess. So the result is that today every string of the old sex harp is being over-twanged, every drum of ancestral splendor-worship is being over-pounded, until the final chorus has become rather like a row of Coney Island ballyhoos all shouting for the next comer. And that sturdy oak known as man is once more enslaved by the clinging vine.

"I've noticed how those sturdy oaks," observed Sylvia, "can declare a learned woman to be above rubies and yet avoid her like a coiled rattlesnake!"

Man, I solemnly explained, shuns the aggressively intellectual bore of either sex. He even craves contacts with something he can occasionally talk down to ("As you're doing now," murmured Sylvia.). So woman, who is not without her secret sagacities, wreaks her long-delayed but exquisite revenge for her enthrallment of the past. Not altogether forgetful of the old patriarchal tradition under which, as a mere chattel, she could claim no personal splendor and acquire scant aura of glory, she has emerged from her chrysalis of servitude into a butterfly of *étalage*. But decoration, after all, is only decoration, and for this overemphasis of the incidental, this perverting confusion of values, woman must finally pay the price.

For, empty as her hands may be at the moment, she

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still has her propulsions toward activity. The work habit, in other words, has become more or less organic with her. Yet standing without adequate outlet, she is compelled to express herself through the mere embellishing side-issues of life, and in doing so is turning herself into that inflammable waste which is a menace to all industrial plants. She is her own new work of art, the honey in our hive of toil, both the reward and the object of our grimly accumulated riches. We chivalrously refer to her as the final flower of all civilization, the gilded apex of untold generations of struggle up from root-eating barbarism and skull-cracking animality. But it stands one of the bitterest ironies of history that in the very hour when woman should talk most of her freedom she remains most immured in her own helplessness.

"Even though we might insist on the final freedom of ending our freedom when we cared to?" questioned Sylvia.

"That, I suppose, is when you capture a mate and talk so much about giving up your life to him. But your generosity along that line, my dear, rather reminds me of Solomon's suggested gift of half a baby to the two contestants for a whole one."

"But we at least own our own bodies," said the elliptical Sylvia.

"While remembering that the Council of Nantes denied you had a soul."

"That," said Sylvia, "no longer worries us. We got all the soul we needed when you imitated King John at Runnymede and signed on the dotted line. And now we can carry our own latch-key and pick our own career and drop in at cocktail bars and prize-fights and do jury duty and possess a home in our own name."

"I'm glad you mentioned homes," I assured Sylvia,

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"rare as they seem to be getting in this age of wheels and changing as they are in character, with your corner in a skyscraper of today so neatly duplicating the hole in a cliff of yesterday. But never, dear lady, was that home cave of yours so well lighted and warmed and wired and piped and stocked with cunning devices for the elimination of toil and the release of spirit. Yet in perfecting the mechanics of that home your inventive-minded enemy has converted it into something suspiciously like a cell, a cell where you can subsist uncommonly like a Succulina crab, a parasite on a parasite, taking what the tides of progress bring you and devoting your time to purely dispensable duties and wasting your energies on altogether useless tasks."

"You remind me of the vacuum-cleaner man in the store window," demurred Sylvia, "who dirties the rug just to show us how he can make it clean again. But all you're saying, old dear, applies only to the woman of leisure. And it might be worth remembering that one-third of our women are today working in offices and stores and factories."

BUT EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM, I contended, wanting to be like the woman of leisure. And every one of them caught up in the endless chain of competitive ornamentation. Even the girl behind the counter, if she can't get the exclusive novelties of Fifth Avenue, must have the diluted but dutiful imitation from Sixth Avenue. For this same salesgirl who so sparingly refreshes herself at the dairy lunch in order that she may acquire the final luxury of silk next to her body remembers that her malnutrition can be covered up by a splash of rouge. And remembering also that industrial propinquity leaves the jaded male less responsive to sex allurement, she knows that

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she must share in that blind mass movement towards splendor in attire. She must look her best.

"Rot," said Sylvia. "It's only human to want to look young and attractive. And if William James was right when he said we could get courage by the mere pretense of courage, why shouldn't we get youth by the pretense of youth?"

"But all your attention, dear lady, goes to the outside. You fret over the externals while what you really need is an interior decorator. Woman hasn't yet learned that beauty is an emanation of the inner spirit, a flowering of the soul, and not a color-scheme purchasable at the nearest drugstore."

"Save the surface," murmured Sylvia, "and you save all."

But it was futile, I knew, to remind any woman that artificial proclamations of health can be a rather sordid kind of cheating, for about such things, apparently, woman has lost the power to think fundamentally. She was, originally, the most unadorned of all the animals, surviving solely through service. But man, as he emerged from the ooze and climbed from the cave, gave more and more thought to the morrow, laid up for a rainy day, became a person of property. Yet in doing so he sadly complicated the sex issue. He accumulated shells and skins and became desirable because of his accumulations. So when marriage by capture gave way to marriage by purchase, which eventually meant marriage by choice, unadorned woman saw the need of catching the eye and attention of man, of translating a distressingly inconspicuous body into temporary prominence by the ornaments which she hung about it. She festooned herself with stones and sea shells, with claws and bones, with plumes and feathers, with pelts torn from wild beasts,

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with rings and amulets of bright metal dug from the ground. She anointed herself with animal oils and gland musks and flower smells, and colored her body-skin with fruit juices and rot-rock and ochres and marls.

"You may have refined your method a little," I explained to Sylvia, "but today you're doing exactly the same thing. The belle of Somaliland may scent herself with crocodile musk and you may do it with sublimated attar-of-roses, but it's for the same subliminal sex end, to attract and ensnare poor man!"

"Poor man," scoffed Sylvia, "who runs to toppers and swallow-tail coats and starched fronts and then has the nerve to talk about women's clothes being unreasonable!"

But man, I contended, doesn't *live* for clothes, doesn't *think* clothes, doesn't stagger along under a welter of ornamentation, of dissimulative attire and coloring, of chemical obscurants and aphrodisiacs. He doesn't dilute himself with dress and put on a hat into which his personality leaks away like a tapped maple-tree. For the lamentable part of it all is that woman, in burying herself under her precious pigments and fabric-masks, is really trying to bury an ineradicable inferiority complex. Without quite knowing it, she is going back to a sort of voodooism and attributing to apparel an importance not based on reason, so that today she can nest warm in her glacial competitions of display very much as the winter grouse nests warm in a snowbank. And since she must, of course, look for further stimuli before the expectation of further sensation, she has reached out for the secondary triumph of exclusiveness. She has made style more sacrificial by making it seasonal. She has nothing to do with the origin of that style but, as usual, is exploited by crafty man. She is, in the classic phrase, kidded by an expert, the expert in this case being the inventor of abstruse

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bijouterie, the juggler of lines and colors, the suave autocrat of those modern emporia wherein women armor themselves for a battle already lost.

"And at the same time keeps busy a few million workers who might otherwise be on relief," Sylvia proudly proclaimed.

"Let's stick to our expert," I suggested. "He's more understandable than economics. He's your 'Il Duce' in this new state where woman is supposed to be free. She must wear not what she wishes, but what the discreet couturier and the astute distributor have decided she should wish."

"That may sound very philosophic," averred Sylvia, "but if I happened to be decked out in a Mauve Decade basque with darts in it you'd most positively make a dive out through the nearest door."

I was, of course, a mere man. And Sylvia was a woman.

"You would be adorable," I solemnly asserted, "in anything."

But the fair Sylvia's only retort to that, I regret to report, sounded suspiciously like "Applesauce!"

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How the Christmas Spirit
Healed a Broken Heart

It Don't Add Up

CHARLES ANGOFF

IT WAS about three in the morning, Christmas Eve. Tom, the night clerk of an uptown hotel, had just finished his bookkeeping. McLarnin, a policeman from the nearby precinct, who comes in for a chat sometime after midnight, was watching him.

"Well, McLarnin," said Tom, "I'm set for the night. If a souse comes in for a room, I'll tell him we're full up. You won't catch me messing with them figures count of a drunk. Got a match?"

McLarnin gave him a match with which he lit a cigarette.

"Want one?" asked Tom.

"No," said McLarnin. "I'll keep at the pipe for a while." He took his pipe out of his mouth, looked at it, and put it back in his mouth. "Thanks anyway."

"It's been pretty slow tonight," said Tom. "Only four transients since I come on at eleven."

"Quiet all around. This ain't exactly a religious district, but there's hardly anybody on the street. Christmas, I guess," said McLarnin.

He unbuttoned his coat and leaned on the desk. "Looks like we gonna have snow after all. I can tell."

"You mean sort of muggy outside?" asked Tom.

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"Yes. Generally this time of year when it's like this, it means snow. You can feel it."

"Well, if it's gonna snow, it might as well start now. It'd be nice tomorrow," said Tom.

"It would."

The two remained silent for a couple of seconds.

"Any excitement?" asked McLarnin.

"No, but around twelve a couple came in. I knew they wasn't on the level, but they had baggage, and the man paid for the night in advance, so I let 'em by. None of my business is the way I figure it, if they don't make any noise."

"What name they use?"

"Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Henry."

"Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom. "She had on one of them tiny hats. It's all the same, I guess."

"FUNNY ABOUT WOMEN," said McLarnin.

"They can make you and they can break you," said Tom, throwing his cigarette on the floor and lighting another. "All I say is, a woman is like a dog. If you keep right on going and don't look at them, they won't bite you."

"I don't know," said McLarnin, relighting his pipe. "Candidly I don't know. I been married more'n twenty years."

"Twenty years?"

"My Mrs. is all right. But as man to man I can tell you that there's many a time I turn my back to her in bed. Things change." He paused a second. "But when you're married, you're married."

"Like my father used to say about marriage: either you do or you don't."

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"That's about it," said McLarnin. "But it's funny about women. I come to the conclusion you can't tell about any of them."

He took off his coat, put it on a lobby chair near by, and returned to the desk.

"I been thinking myself, McLarnin. There's a Mr. and Mrs. Daly in the hotel. We all know they're not married, but they're quiet and he pays the first of every month like a clock."

"You mean the man with the high shoes and the cane?"

"That's him," said Tom. "Sour-puss. His Mrs., know what I mean, is no more'n twenty and a good-looker, and he must be fifty-five. Well, he bawls the pants off of her, and he sends her out to get things ten times an hour. Once to get him a *Mirror*. Then to buy him a pack of Camels. Then to get a sandwich or something. And like that. He's too crummy to send the bellhops. And you might think he'd remember everything all at once and not send her out so many times. But do you hear a peep out of her? No, sir. And he cheats, too. Many's the time he came in after four in the morning, and I know he wasn't in church."

"I could've told you that," said McLarnin.

"But she's on the level. I'm sure of that. I give her the eye a couple of times, figuring no harm in that, but she only says, 'Good evening, Tom,' and goes right to the elevator. So I know."

"She's on the level, all right. It's the crummy guys that gets the straight girls."

"So I been thinking about it. It's no skin off my nose, but it don't add up."

"No," said McLarnin, as he paced up and down before the desk a couple of times. "Talking about the same

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thing, remember last Christmas?"

"Sure."

"CHRISTMAS EVE. It was snowing plenty. The week I was working from two to ten."

"Oh, yes," said Tom. "I remember."

"So I was walking down one of the streets near Eleventh Avenue. Had my raincoat on, and my boots," said McLarnin.

"Might as well be careful," said Tom.

"They was lying around the station house, so I might as well use them."

"That's what they was there for."

"So I was walking along the street, thinking about Christmas and things, and how I'd like just a few pulls at my pipe."

"Was it light or dark?" asked Tom.

"About seven or eight, but with all the snow it looked earlier. Snow sometimes makes it look earlier. White."

"Never thought of that."

"Then I hears a yell," said McLarnin. "I knew right away it was a woman. From the sound of the voice. She hollers, 'Officer, officer! Please come up! Officer!' Like she was in trouble. I looks up, count the flights, and walks up. I said, 'What seems to be the trouble, lady?' She looked all messed up, the hair, dress, you know, but I could see she wasn't drinking. I walk in the apartment. Soon as I come in I see a man. Kind of tough-looking. He knew I was there. The woman says, 'It's him, officer. He been beating me up all evening for hours and hours.' So I says to the man, 'What's the idea, Mr.? Don't you know it's Christmas? What's the idea?' He didn't say a thing."

"Afraid," said Tom.

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"THEN THE WOMAN SAYS, 'Take him away, officer. I don't want him around. He's no good. He'll kill me. Look what he done to me.' Well, you know, it being Christmas, I didn't want to bust up a family, pulling the guy in for assault and battery. So I says, 'What do you want to beat up your wife for, Mr.? A fine thing beating up your wife on a night like this. I'd lock you up if it wasn't Christmas.' He started saying something when the woman yells, 'You tramp! I don't want you here any more. Officer, please chase him out.' So I turns around to the woman and says, 'Listen, lady. As you say. But you'll feel sorry. After all, it's Christmas. How long you been married?' The woman says nothing and the man says nothing. So I asks her again, 'How long you two been married?' Then she says, 'We ain't exactly married, officer. You see, he's a friend. We known each other. See.' So I catches on. If it wasn't Christmas, so help me, I'd have run the bastard in. But the snow, Christmas, and everything. I says to the man, 'Better beat it. I give you two minutes. Or I'll lock you up.' He said nothing, just give the woman a hard look, and left."

"Run out?" asked Tom.

"No," said McLarnin. "Sort of walked out fast. He had no overcoat, but no man is gonna beat a woman Christmas night. So I stuck around for a while. She asked me if I want a little Christmas cheer. I said, 'Just a little one,' count of the snow. Then she excuses herself and goes into another room, and in a while she's back, looking a hundred percent better. I sees she was a well-preserved woman, and I began wondering what she was doing with a no-good bum like that, but I don't give it any thought. She took a little drink herself, and offered me another. After all, it was Christmas Eve. We talked about things. A nice sort of woman."

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"How old?" asked Tom.

"Thirty-eight, thirty-nine, round there," said McLarnin.

"Just right," said Tom. "So then what?"

"Well, I got sorrier and sorrier for the woman. Christmas Eve and that man running out on her. Then she asked me if I didn't want to take my raincoat off. Then one thing led to another, and you know." McLarnin hesitated. "It was still snowing pretty hard when I put on my raincoat again and went out."

"That's how things happen," said Tom.

"Yes, that's how things happen," said McLarnin slowly as he began pacing up and down in front of the desk.

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Why Visiting Statesmen Are
Baffled by That Great
Little Small Town:

Washington—Diplomats' Headache

By

DUNCAN AIKMAN *and* BLAIR BOLLES

THEY JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND US. A thousand foreign diplomats, if you count the exceedingly busy wives, live in Washington and devote their not inconsiderable talents to trying to comprehend this so strange country. What course the United States takes is about the most important question in the world just now to the fifty-four countries which maintain legations and embassies on the Potomac; there is practically nothing they would not do, and have not tried, to get a hint of our probable policy. Statesmen and potentates by the dozens come over to try their luck at solving the puzzle, but few of them make headway with their researches — or are likely to.

To a man, the foreign diplomats have boned up on America. They know all that books can tell them about our system of political checks and balances, and they are prepared to hear a doorkeeper say "Okay" to an ambassador. In other words, they understand the literal things and the superficial aspects of America. But Washington is still a chronic headache to them.

The causes are complex, but here are three:

1. Washington is the only capital which consistently befuddles its diplomatic corps and official guests with hospitality and helpfulness. That misleads them.

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2. Washington is the only world capital whose foreign policy is shaped for it in the hinterlands and whose concern with hinterland politics is such that often it can't keep its mind on foreign policy at all.

3. And although we think our capital is so synthetic, so artificial, Washington to diplomatists' eyes is so American that the ambassadors can't see the United States for the grassroots.

Washington, to the newly arrived diplomat, looks like an instantaneous conquest. Senate and Cabinet wives and the millionairesses invite him to dinners and cocktail parties almost before his bags are unpacked. The White House treats him a good deal like a guest strayed in during a family reunion.

The State Department flutters over him with a streamlined eagerness to be helpful.

Does the new ambassador wish a conference with a Cabinet member? One of Secretary Hull's young men will arrange it for him, pronto. The lowest of embassy secretaries can see a potent bureau chief before the morning is out. If technical documents are desired they will arrive by motorcycle messenger.

Used to the ponderous pace and sniffy hauteur of chancelleries abroad, the envoy fancies during his first few weeks that he has entered a diplomat's heaven.

Then something happens to arouse his suspicion that all is not so simple as it seems. The diplomatic immunity of one of his consuls may be infringed by the tax collector of some southern state; or one of his compatriots manhandled by the police of a midwestern city. The newcomer is sent around to the State Department to protest.

Mr. Hull informs the envoy that he is "sorry." That "sorry" sounds genuine, and indeed *is* genuine. Mr. Hull regrets that an amiable diplomat — practically a guest in

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his household, as his Tennessee social conscience looks at it — should have such trouble. As time goes on, however, the diplomat finds it difficult to understand. Mr. Hull is "sorry," but the complaint remains "non-adjusted." In any other capital a Foreign Minister who registered even a tenth as much sorrow would do something about the matter.

Eventually, Lesson No. 1 sinks in: This is a "foreign office" which cannot discipline the "provinces" of Texas or Wisconsin. The envoy had read about our "sovereign states" without quite getting the idea. Now he knows.

AGAIN, THIS EXTRAVAGANTLY HELPFUL Washington seems to have no formula for avoiding international embarrassments. Various diplomatic faces were red, for example, when the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor was called off because of the protests of a Baltimore labor union. "In my country," said a Scandinavian diplomat, "the government would have known enough of what was going on in labor circles to have headed such a resolution off. Or would have smothered the publicity. Or, if that failed, would still have found ways of making the uproar seem unimportant."

Or the appointment so smoothly made may lead the trusting envoy into painful collision with straight-arm American bluntness. A commission from an Eastern European country arrived to discuss a complicated swap of mining concessions for U. S. tariff concessions. To their astonishment, they were seated around the desk of a Cabinet official almost before they had gulped their first Washington breakfast.

Their proposition was complex, however, and the technical arguments for it were tedious. They were just in their final peroration when the great man suddenly

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raised his head from the doodles he was making on his desk and snarled at the interpreter.

"Tell 'em," he ordered, "I wouldn't recommend the concessions they're after for all the damned mines they own."

The Washington social scene, meanwhile, is leading the diplomat into almost as many perplexities. His trouble is certainly not a lack of entertainment. "In London," the way-down attaché of a Latin American embassy expressed it recently, "I am a lackey. Here I am a grand duke. I wake up and pinch myself in the mornings and say: 'Juanito! You are damn' near royal.'"

But somehow all this channelized gayety is short on diplomacy's most precious trade commodity — authoritative gossip.

A few weeks ago the Minister of a European State delicately maneuvered himself into an intimate dinner party with a Senator on the Military Affairs Committee. The touchy controversy over the sale of aviation equipment to France was on.

But when the envoy tactfully brought the conversation around to defense problems, Military Affairs was reminded of a Negro soldier who fought through the Spanish-American War under the impression that his enemies were called "Spaniels." This tale took time. Worse, it led into an evening-long orgy of Negro dialect stories.

"It was a charming seminar in your race problem," the diplomat fumed afterward. "In Paris I could have only assumed that so much reticence was deliberate. But in Washington, I am beginning to learn, a diplomat can actually be rebuffed unintentionally."

One ambassador's dinner last winter devoted itself, from the liqueurs on, to a symposium on the question of whether Senator Van Nuys was honestly elected in In-

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diana; a Hoosier statesman elaborately explained the political stratifications of Vigo County.

After several dozen such experiences, the diplomat begins to wonder if he is not in an incorrigibly provincial town. In other lands the politicians he meets socially are the persons he relies on to tell him how the Cabinet divided yesterday on the rearmament issue. In Washington nobody tells. The longer the diplomat stays, the stronger grows his suspicion that nobody knows.

Often the Brooklyn Congressman doesn't talk even local politics with the diplomats, on the polite assumption that he cannot expect the Lithuanian Minister to be interested in Flatbush. The practical effect is to reduce conversation at some of Washington's more glamorous gatherings to even lower levels of banality. It was the sprightly wife of a Balkan emissary who said, "In my country the politician he roll the eye, he beat the breast, he announce the final truth in tones like thunder or the prime minister *just before he fall. But here! I meet a Senator or a Con*gressman at dinner, and what do he talk? He talk maybe golf, maybe the races, maybe just the weather. But politics, never. Himself, almost never. I think it sincerely — I never saw such a modest fellow anywhere in the world."

That is the all-time high for misconception of the American scene.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST-STRING FIGURES who do talk foreign affairs with perspicacity and ripe judgment are often enigmas, too. How does it happen, the diplomats are perpetually inquiring, that a man of Senator Borah's obvious usefulness has not been in and out of Cabinets for the past twenty-five years? And why should Senator Borah be so far off on the sidelines that he has practically nothing to offer in the way of authoritative gossip?

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On the other hand, he may be in for actual trouble if he takes too seriously the State Department's dining-out squadrons, and the exotic young men of the Army, Navy and Commerce Department who have seen attaché service.

They discuss foreign affairs very learnedly, indeed. But after they have confided how the dictators are to be put in their places and what is yeasting along the Washington-Rio de Janeiro axis, nothing happens. And with great regularity. This can be highly embarrassing to the envoy who has taken their revelations at face value and sent them to his chief as serious forecasts. It is to him an almost incredible paradox: The Washington statesmen who understand foreign policy do not control it.

But the fiercer pangs of the diplomatic headache are due to one disturbing factor alone. American practical politics.

Abroad, practical politics revolves about foreign policy. A French government clash with organized labor hinges upon national defense problems. In London, if a coalition of Midland M.P.'s is turned down on an economic concession, it generally means that the delicate balances of imperial trade are involved. But Washington is continually working itself into a lather over who the next federal judge is going to be in Virginia; or whether Secretary of Commerce Hopkins means his latest compliment to business men. The diplomat by prodigious efforts can make himself an expert in these recondite matters, but it does not help him much. It's nothing his boss wants to hear.

A famous long-term ambassador once concluded that "in foreign affairs, it's the Senate that counts." The Senate, too, as a diplomatic information source, can be a washout.

One of Washington's shrewder political hostesses ex-

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plained it patly last winter to a newly arrived European ambassador who came to her for enlightenment on Senator Key Pittman's famous broadcast to the effect that "the American people do not like" the governments of Germany, Italy and Japan:

"Oh, you mustn't let Key take you in," she said consolingly. "Nobody in Nevada cares two whoops about foreign policy; so he can afford to sound off just for the fun of it."

"But he is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee," the ambassador protested. "In my country, if a man of similar official standing makes a speech like that, it is a definite announcement of a foreign policy.

"Tell me," he demanded a little wildly, "when *am* I to take your Meestair Peetmans seriously?"

"When he makes a speech for an international silver coinage convention," the lady replied coolly. "As foreign minister of Nevada, Key really functions."

When Senator X over his third embassy highball informs his host that the voters of Kanbraska are "100 per cent behind the President" in his latest friendly gesture toward Britain, it sounds like a red hot tip from the grassroots. But the ambassador has to confront the serious possibility that his informant neither knows what he is talking about nor means what he says. He may be saying it merely because a reputation for supporting the White House will get better PWA allotments.

On the other hand, when Senator Y proclaims that the voters of his bailiwick consider the project of fortifying Guam a gross example of presidential war-mongering, he may have nothing more on his mind than building himself up for re-election as ball-of-fire isolationist.

The Senate foreign policy, in other words, is a distillation of the practical politics of forty-eight provinces.

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But even after the ambassador has sifted all the available information more or less rationally, he is left in a state of chronic bepuzzlement as to how the American political system permits the nation to function as a world power at all.

ANY PREMIER OR FOREIGN MINISTER from Iceland to Bolivia would have had to stake his career on any such pronouncement as Mr. Roosevelt's famous "quarantining the aggressors" speech. Yet, afterward, Mr. Roosevelt neither did any quarantining nor took the slightest political punishment for his words. Neither has any diplomat yet been able to find out — the grassroots not having made up their minds — whether Mr. Roosevelt's pledge of military protection of Canada represents a standing commitment or a mere expression of presidential personal opinion.

The Senate's winter-long battle over whether the President did or did not say to its Military Affairs Committee that "the frontier of the United States is at the Rhine" has been, for the diplomats, an equally perplexing mystery. Anywhere but in Washington the interpretation of such an incident would have been easy. When news of the "indiscretion" was permitted to leak at all, it would have been assumed the "leak" was deliberate, and evidence that we were heading toward a military understanding with France. The presidential denial would have been cynically accepted as mere diplomacy.

The Washington leakage occurred, though, through Senators plainly hostile to the President. Mr. Roosevelt's denials were plainly aimed at shielding him from domestic, not foreign, embarrassments and whatever Mr. Roosevelt had in mind toward Paris, the diplomatic corps would have to wait until the grassroots had or-

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chestrated their millions of whispers before it could tell what the American policy was.

The classic example of how deeply foreign policy may bow to provincial practical politics appears in the controversy over the exclusion of Argentine beef products on the ground of the possible infection of American cattle with hoof and mouth disease. Argentine diplomats in Washington have worked for years trying to get the restrictions lifted in the case of the many areas obviously infection-free. Finally, in 1936, when President Roosevelt was in Buenos Aires, he informed a large public gathering that he was going back home and have the regulations suitably modified. The Argentines felt, with considerable reason, that they had won.

Then for over two years nothing happened. And when the issue finally was insinuated into public attention last May, it was by shadow boxing rather than by a frontal attack. The President's approval of the purchase of 48,000 pounds of Argentine canned beef for the Navy contained certain diplomatically glowing compliments on the quality of the Argentine canneries' output over the domestic product, but the delicate subject of lifting the "sanitary convention" restrictions was not even delicately mentioned.

For what Mr. Roosevelt discovered on his return from his "good neighboring" journey was precisely what he discovered when the Senate Appropriations Committee deleted his Argentine canned beef arrangements from the Navy's purchasing budget by a vote of nine to seven. If he brought up the question of admitting foreign beef, sound or sickly, to American markets, it would line up against him the Senators from every State which raised cows or marketed cattle products — close to a third of the Senate — all this just to do a favor for a distant republic which

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could not conceivably affect five votes in a Hyde Park election for dog-catcher. On the main point of his Buenos Aires pledge, in other words, the cattle interests won out over Pan-American solidarity without even a show of hands.

For the native American observer this train of events holds no mysteries. But the diplomatic corps gets the strong impression that dealing with the United States is a good deal like dealing with Chaos.

Nor is there kudos for the diplomat who does succeed in learning the forces by which the chaos is governed. What would an Argentine diplomat gain by reporting in great detail to his Foreign Office why the "sanitary convention" issue could not be raised? A government which disciplines its own "cow state" Congressmen as a fundamental principle of survival simply would not comprehend.

"The worst difficulty about Washington," a philosophical diplomat once put it, "is not that it is a place where the unexpected happens. Washington is the place where the unexpected happens in forms that can't be explained back home."

BUT IN SPITE OF ITS WORRIES and uncertainties, there are plenty of diplomats who sing Washington's praises. Veteran members of the diplomatic corps come gradually to realize there are merits even in Washington's deficiencies. Its endless round of entertaining may be short on intellectual stimulus, but it is long on lasting friendliness. "If I ever left home as an exile," said a Minister, "I feel that Washington is the one capital where I should not lose my friends along with my diplomatic standing."

And though information as to where American foreign policy is heading may be hard to come at, there is no

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mistaking its import when it arrives. When Congress backs up a President in a major line of action, Embassy Row knows that something more than a controlled vote has been taken, something more has been accomplished than a reversible deal between Foreign Offices. The grass-roots have made up their minds and a people's verdict has been rendered.

One Minister who served his northern European country here with quiet efficacy for nearly a decade, gave Washington the ultimate accolade:

"Abroad," he said, "you can compute the future safely. Here you can judge the present. In Bucharest I can report to my foreign office what it can expect to happen, and the chances are that at some time between ten minutes and ten months later it will have happened. In Washington as a prophet I am a shambles. But when things do happen, I can tell the foreign office exactly what things will stay put."

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Timmy Was too Young for the Army—
But not too Young
to Dig a 6-Foot Hole for his own Dead

Pandemic

VINCE HALL

THE ARLIE FENN PURE GOLD-LEAF COMPANY was closed. There was a sign on the door. It read: TEMPORARILY CLOSED. WILL NOTIFY OF RE-OPENING.

A group of employees stood about aimlessly, grumbling here and there.

"Fenn closed?" asked a late comer. "That's somethin', the way he likes money."

"Bet it's got somethin' to do with whatever Walt Redding's got."

"Must've scared the old man stinkless to make him close."

"I'm glad," said Mose Curran. "My wife went down with somethin' this mornin'. I'm goin' home."

"Seems to me a gosh-awful lot of people are sick all of a sudden." Pop Dumfert scratched his gray stubble. "Come on, Henry, before we get it too."

The employees scattered, the young ones with a whoop and the old ones solemnly. Something unprecedented was happening. What it was they couldn't imagine. They could worry. Family men were always ready for that.

Tim walked off alone, still sorry about Walt. He hadn't really intended to hurt him. And now that the poor guy was down, he hated him less as a slacker.

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Katherine Anne and Kad were home from school, sick. John was still in bed. Tim didn't know exactly what he could do for them.

John was the bossiest of his foster brothers. Kad and he had never gotten along. Katherine Anne was a little too hard to take since she'd decided to marry him as soon as she'd added another six to her dozen years.

Would the rest of the family get sick now? Mrs. Sullivan was apparently still working. At least she wasn't home. Will was safely dead in France. How was Mike, already rotting spiritually in the reform school? Tim worried about Mike. He was allowed no letters now.

"Tim!"

It was Katie's voice. Tim left the house quietly. None of the fellows was around the Acme corner. Tim tried the stables. Ad Morgan was in his working clothes.

"Christ!" he said. "I wish these people would stop gettin' sick. I'm gettin' sick of it meself. I done four men's work to-day. Hey, ain't you workin'?"

"Shop's closed down."

"Get into some overalls. I'll give you a chance to make some money."

Tim was just feeling a little free. The idea wasn't appealing. "I'll come in tomorrow if I'm still off."

"Don't fail me," said Ad. "I got too much work. It'll be nix on the hayloft for you if you do."

Tim was soon sorry he hadn't got his overalls. The day was lonesome with no one around. Besides, Ad would have paid him well and he could have held out a little spending money on Mrs. Sullivan. He was a sucker. He went home and to bed.

Kad tossed a wet-hot body against him till late at night. Tim got out on the floor. The weather was turning cold. He was glad when morning came.

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"I'D BETTER STAY HOME TO-DAY," said Mrs. Sullivan, "at least till we know more about it all."

Tim was sorry. He loved his foster-mother. "I'll try if you want me to," he said.

"No. You can't be trusted. You'd be runnin' out somewheres. You got to work if it's open, though the Lord knows somebody'll have to work that makes more than you or we'll all starve. Stop at Doctor Collings' on your way, will you, like a good boy?"

Tim stopped at Doctor Collings' but the Doctor was out. The shop was still closed. Tim couldn't decide whether to eat his lunch at once and ride home or spend his nickel, walk home and save the lunch for later. He knew there would be no food at the house. He tried a sandwich tentatively. It made him thirsty. He ate the lunch, spent the carfare for soda pop and walked.

The doctor was still out. Tim went and peddled ice for Ad Morgan. After work in the empty stables a familiar voice hailed him.

"Whoa, Edgar! Hya, Timmy." It was Shrimp, perched on the high seat of a paper-box factory wagon. He'd just stopped to water Edgar at the trough. "How's this?"

"Where'd you pick that up?"

"Got a job," said Shrimp. "Got it this mornin'. The regular driver got the flu and they needed somebody fast."

"That's a good job." Tim was a little envious.

"You bet," said Shrimp. "Just what I been waitin' for. They let me run the freight elevator, too."

"You're pretty lucky."

"You bet. Want a ride?"

"Let me drive?"

"Okay."

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"Drive to my house first," said Shrimp. "I want my sister to see me."

Tim remembered where Shrimp's house was from unhappier times.

"Be right out," said Shrimp. He started up the steps, doubled his arms across his stomach and sank slowly.

When Tim reached him he was pale and shivering. "What's the matter?"

Shrimp looked at him with frightened eyes. No one answered his knock. The door was unlocked. He hooked Shrimp under the arms and dragged him through the hallway to the kitchen.

The room was full of smoke. Two burners on the gas range were flaming. A frying pan was smoking and the bottom was burnt from an aluminum coffeepot. Tim went for it and stumbled over Shrimp's sister, lying on the floor.

"Ernie?"

"Ernie's sick," said Tim.

"I'm sick," said Hannah. "Get Ernie."

Ernie was Shrimp. Tim turned out the range and dragged Shrimp upstairs. He got him onto a bed and went back for the sister. She was short, too, but older and heavier. He couldn't quite make it. She was wet and smelled of the toilet. Tim was feeling sick by now.

"Never mind," said Hannah. "Get a doctor."

He was glad to hit the air.

The doctor was home but not to stay. The Sullivans and Doughtys were added to his growing list. At the curb stood his car. Ratsy Murphy sat at the wheel.

"Hy," said Tim. "Some job! How'd you get it?"

"It's just for fun," said Ratsy. "They asked for volunteers. Want a ride?"

"I have to take Shrimp's wagon back to the factory."

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"I don't mean now. After a while when the doc stops for supper or a rich patient where he spends some time. I had this baby up to sixty yesterday."

"See you tonight," said Tim.

He started to deliver the wagon to its factory but changed his mind. He had it; why not use it? He drove to the gold-leaf plant. The door was still locked. There was a light in the office. Through the window he could see the cheek whiskers of Mr. Fenn. He knocked.

The window was closed. Mr. Fenn preferred to yell through the glass. "What do you want?"

"When do we open up?"

"How do I know?"

That stumped Tim. He thought Mr. Fenn would have the answer. He changed the subject slightly. "How's Walt?"

"Walt's dead. Macready's dead. Ide's better. Curran's wife died. Some of the other boys are sick. That's all I know. Go on home."

"But. . . ."

"How's Mrs. Sullivan?"

"She's all right, but all of the kids. . . ."

"Tell her to drink a lot of whiskey. It's the only thing any good. Lots of whiskey."

Tim could see himself selling that idea to Mrs. Sullivan. She'd think it was his father's weakness inherited and him hunting an excuse to get started.

THE MOVIES WERE CLOSED. The saloons were closed. Tim sat dejectedly at home.

"Tim," said Mrs. Sullivan, "will you read this for me, lad? And remind me to give you the money so you can stop in someday when you're up town and get me some eye-glasses. I can't see a thing anymore."

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Tim looked at the printed sheet. "It's pretty long."

"You can skip the big words. We'll find out what they mean when Kad's up again."

Tim read the list:

PREVENTATIVES:

Keep away from coughers, sneezers, etc.
Don't use dishes or towels used by others till they've been boiled.
Don't put lips against telephone mouthpiece or put another's pencil to mouth.
Keep in fresh air and sunshine as much as possible but keep warm.
Sleep in well ventilated room under plenty of bed-clothes.
Walk instead of using public conveyances whenever distance permits.
Be temperate in eating and observe the ordinary rules of hygiene.
Wash your hands and face immediately on reaching home and if possible change clothes before mingling with the rest of family.

CURATIVE MEASURES:

Go to bed at first sign of illness and call a doctor.
The sick person should have a room by himself.
Care should be taken to have the sick person cough, sneeze and spit in gauze which should be burned immediately, and the person handling gauze should wash hands after each attention.
Patent medicines should be avoided.
The patient's room should be well ventilated. Care should be taken no draft strikes him.
Visitors should be kept from the sick room.
The patient should remain in bed long enough after the fever subsides so that he will be in no danger of an attack of pneumonia.

"It's long enough," said Mrs. Sullivan, "but does it mean anything?"

"I guess so," said Tim.

"It's a lot of things but how many of them can we do?"

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Tim shrugged his shoulders. He had never seen Mrs. Sullivan this way, but she had three sick children.

"A fine lot of doctors," she said. "They don't know what's killin' us all so they blame it on the Spaniards."

The door bell rang.

"The knitting bee," said Mrs. Sullivan. "I didn't think a blessed one would be here tonight."

It was Mrs. O'Hearn. "Well, who's sick?" she asked.

"Kad, Katie and John, though John seems a little better now."

"Not a one to my house," beamed Mrs. O'Hearn. "Not a one off his two pins. Nor my brother's house neither."

"That's very lucky," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh, we're probably healthier than most. How's Michael, do you hear?"

"Not from Michael. I called up and they said he's all right. I am worried."

"I guess he's all right," said Mrs. O'Hearn. "Though they do say they're dyin' like fleas in all the prisons. Of course, it's only the reformatory Michael is in. Maybe the Good Lord will spare the small fry."

"I hope so indeed."

"And it's just as well he was got away from that army camp, too. They say they're dyin' like fleas in all the camps. You know the Germans started all this."

"Indeed!"

"Of course! It's cheaper than gunpowder says Pat and twicet as horrible. That's the way the Germans are. Was that Tim I seen in the hallway?"

"Yes. He's settin' in the kitchen."

"I was just sayin' to Mrs. Mulvaney . . . she's down now, you know . . . how it's strange all your own get it while that one stays healthy as a pig in a parlor."

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Mrs. Sullivan was finding it difficult to cope with her, her own nerves frayed. "Tim," she said, thinking of succor, "will you call Mrs. Morrow in like a good boy?"

MRS. MORROW'S HOUSE lay beyond the Karlsons'. Tim had heard off-hand that Kelcey was back home. He jumped the Karlsons' fence first to find out. Mr. Karlson was in the kitchen. He sat with his feet in the oven spitting his bad lungs into the sink a few feet away.

"Hello," said Tim. "Is Kelc in?"

"Yeh." Mr. Karlson was gaunt, yellow-skinned and chronically bitter. "He's in bed, sick. They're all sick, or makin' out they are."

"All of them?"

"Five kids and the old lady," said Karlson. "All sick except me." The blood-spattered sink didn't bear that out.

Tim was sick himself. He jumped the next fence and knocked on the door. The immaculate Mrs. Morrow was an antidote to Karlson. He escorted her through the alley.

"Who's sick?" asked Mrs. O'Hearn.

"Just Jane."

Nellie Hoare was coming in the front door. Mrs. O'Hearn beamed. "Who's sick to your house?"

"None, to mine, but the Walkers are bad."

"For once," said Mrs. Morrow, "it hits the rich and poor alike. What do they do for it?"

"There's nothin' to do but put them to bed and pray."

"Well, who's sick?" persisted Mrs. O'Hearn.

"Both the kids and Mrs. Walker," said Nellie.

"I thought the boy was off to a fancy school."

"The fancy school sent him home to die. That's what got the madame. The girl was already down."

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"They're lucky to have a servant to do for them."

"They're lucky they got me," said Nellie, "because I ain't sick and if the Saints still have ears I won't be."

"We'll all be if we don't take care."

"I'll go to church and light me another candle," said Nellie.

"And I'll go with you," said Mrs. O'Hearn. "Not a one off his pins yet and they'll stay that way."

"Tim," said Mrs. Sullivan, "you'll go get Mrs. Arnold."

"Mrs. Arnold?" Mrs. Morrow was shocked weak.

"I think we'll need her," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and she offered. Her husband's sick, wherever he is, and she can't get to him. She feels bad."

"About her husband? That one?"

"I guess she has her own peculiar way of likin' him. I don't know."

"May, I won't have her near Jane, under any circumstances."

"Then she'll do for the rest of us, if she'll stay sober."

"Most places are closed down," said Mrs. Morrow, pointlessly.

"Not mine," said Mrs. Sullivan. "It's stuff for the war and the war must be kept goin'."

HALF THE TOWN WAS IN MOURNING for the dead of war or the dread disease. A fellow Tim knew roared by in a car with two nurses. Tim cursed. He'd never had the chance to learn to drive.

Ad Morgan wasn't delivering much ice. The gold-leaf plant was still closed. Tim had too much time on his hands. He was more of a nuisance than a help.

Mrs. Morrow had taken Katherine Anne and Kad to her house where they could have a room each. Tim was

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an outsider there. In his own house Sarah, Will's widow, had taken her infant into the room which had been Tim's and had locked the door. She was protecting herself. Tim slept in the parlor.

Mrs. Arnold had solved the problem of service and Mrs. Morrow's conscience by taking care of the hapless Karlsons. Mrs. Sullivan, with only John in bed at home could take care of her own.

Tim grudgingly carried food up to the perfectly well Sarah. "Why don't she get out of here? She ain't Will's wife any more!"

"Yes she is, Tim." Will had been gone so long in one way or another Mrs. Sullivan could speak of him without crying. "And it's his little girl she's nursin'. I didn't believe it once, God help me. Now be a good boy, Tim."

Finished with his few tasks at home Tim went to the Doughty's to fix the fire. The three of them there were sick and there was no heat in the house. Shrimp sat by the kitchen range too weak to do anything with it.

"Get back to bed, you damned fool," said Tim.

"Nix," said Shrimp. "I got to get workin' before the old man gets strong enough to kick me out again. It'll soon be winter."

"He wouldn't do that with you sick, would he?"

"Wouldn't he now?"

Tim made the fire and left. He had other calls. He made the furnace in three houses before going home. There was a fresh crêpe on the Karlsons' door.

Sarah's mother and younger sister were in the kitchen. Sarah had reluctantly brought the baby downstairs.

Rachel was pregnant. It irritated Tim. "You turned me down, though," he said in her ear.

"You ain't a soldier," she said. "Get yourself a uniform."

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As if he hadn't tried! Now to add to his troubles the last draft call had been canceled because of the virulence of the influenza in the crowded camps. It looked as though he'd miss all the fun.

The three women had been talking when he came in, but they stopped. Mrs. Summers started crying. Sarah and Rachel joined her. Tim had to wait till Mrs. Sullivan got home from work to find out what it was all about.

Mrs. Sullivan was grotesque in the overalls she didn't waste time changing.

"Mr. Summers is gone," said his widow.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Sullivan, "indeed I am. I thought he was almost better?"

"We thought so too. He . . . it was very sudden."

"It was that way with Mrs. Arnold," said Mrs. Sullivan. "First she heard he was all but better, then he had pneumonia. Whufft! Off he went like that!"

"Yes, it was like that."

"Pneumonia?"

"No. It . . . I mean it was sudden."

"He took the gas pipe," said Rachel. "Why don't you tell the truth, Mom?"

"I do," said Mrs. Summers. "Sometimes it just don't sound right. He was getting better but he was always in the dumps. He did it while we were away to camp Sunday."

"The poor man. When's the funeral?"

"That's it," said Mrs. Summers. "That's why . . . well, we can't get an undertaker. They're either closed or too busy."

"My precious soul! You won't leave the man lie there!"

"I've got him in a box," said Mrs. Summers. "The Street Car Company's making caskets because of the

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shortage and I got one. I've arranged to get him to the cemetery but there's no one to dig the grave. I can't leave him above ground. He was too good for that."

"Of course."

"I hated to ask . . . but we are related now."

"Yes. We are related."

"I thought maybe Tim, being a boy, and perhaps some of his friends. . . . ?"

"Well, Tim ain't related," said Mrs. Sullivan, "but he's a kind lad and I'll see what he says. Timmy!" Tim swung into sight from where he'd been listening at the door. Boys hear more if they listen a little out of sight.

"If you want to do it," said Mrs. Sullivan, "it would be a nice thing."

"I'll do it," said Tim.

"All right, son." Mrs. Sullivan called Tim "son" when particularly moved. "And maybe you could do something for the Karlsons while you're at it. Two of them are gone. Two of the little ones. I don't think they've been able to get them out of the house yet."

"I'll see if Shrimp got back to work," said Tim. "Maybe I can borrow his wagon."

THE CEMETERY GATES WERE OPEN but Sarah, Rachel, and Mrs. Summers sat on the border of grass outside. Tim pulled up beside them.

"Is that all of you?" asked Mrs. Summers. Max Feinstein sat beside him on the high seat.

"That's all I could get," said Tim, "besides Shrimp. He's in the wagon. Hop on?"

"No. No, you go ahead."

"You walkin'?"

"No. You see . . . well, you know where it is. Just go in and get it done."

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"Hey," said Tim. "You got a right to go in with us. That ain't fair."

"We were in. We prayed and . . . and sprinkled dirt on the coffin. We . . ." Mrs. Summers started to cry again.

"All right if you're scared!" said Rachel.

"Who's scared?" Tim couldn't show it, but Max trembled unashamed.

"Look," said Sarah. "You can't ask us to go back in there. There's dead bodies all over. All over. We couldn't stand it. Look what it might do to Rachel's baby thinkin' of stiffs from now till it's born!"

Tim wondered who was minding her baby at the moment.

He passed the buck to Max, hoping for a definite "no" in the face of his fear. "What do you say, Max?"

"What can we do?" said Max. "Here we are out here. We can't just go back. We're stuck!"

"Okay then. Here we go."

"Do it right, now." said Mrs. Summers. "Six feet deep and put all the dirt back."

Mr. Summers' last bed lay beside the family plot. In the wagon were the two boxes of the Karlson kids.

"Six and six is twelve," added Max, "and six is eighteen. Eighteen feet! Let's get started!"

Coffins dotted the ground, coffins filled but unburied. Some were open, some had spilled and let a helpless corpse sprawl across the earth.

By the caretaker's cottage the boxes piled higher than the low roof. Steamshovels lay idle by partially dug ditches. In these the once loved dead would be dumped a hundred at a time when the living were available for the job. It was best not to look, or not to see too well.

Tim and Max took turns with the pick and shovel.

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Shrimp sat idly by. He didn't have the strength for digging. The ground had felt the frost but was not yet too hard. Neither was it soft.

Tim's hands were hot and blistered. He went to the little creek to lave them. The casket of an infant lay partly in the water. It was open, forced. The fingers of the small right hand were missing. The flesh was blue and breaking away from the bones. Tim went back.

"For Christ's sake let's finish and get out of here!"

"Eighteen feet," said Max. "We ain't down the first six yet."

"Why does it have to be six feet?"

"I don't know. That's how deep they bury people."

"I got an idea," said Shrimp. "Why not put these two on that big pile, then they'll get buried with the rest of them?"

"Swell," said Tim.

"No," said Max sadly. "I got a Momma."

"What's she got to do with it?"

"She's sick so before I went I asked her should I go. She said 'Go if you'll do it right. Otherwise stay home. It's important to be buried right.' So I have to dig six feet, that's all I know."

"Bollix," said Tim. He took his turn with the shovel.

Shrimp stirred unhappily. "If I don't get the wagon back in time I'll get canned."

"It is creepy," said Tim. "Shrimp, get a board and write on it so they'll know who's under here."

"What'll I write? Mr. Summers, born . . . when was he born?"

"Put when he died, that's enough."

"Mr. Summers, died November 7th, 1918."

"Not the seventh, you dope! That's today. He didn't die today."

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"What the hell," said Shrimp. "His old lady'll know where he is, won't she?"

"It's getting dark," said Max, "and only one hole's done."

"Then," Tim looked at the sky and made a decision, "they all go in here."

"We can't do that!"

"And we can't stay here," said Shrimp. "Max, you go over there and turn your back. I'll help Tim get them in. If you don't see it you can't help it."

"No." Max looked at the sky. He looked at the cluttered surface of the graveyard. He looked in the grave. "I've got to get home soon," he said. "Momma's sick already." He walked a few feet off and turned his back.

Shrimp helped Tim lower the Karlsons onto Mr. Summers. They piled dirt over all.

"It should be six feet, just the same." Max came back with a sore conscience.

"The hole's six feet," said Tim. "They're all in there, ain't they?"

The horse was turned at last toward the gate. A hearse passed them coming in. The driver stood in his seat yelling wildly.

"The war's over! The war's over! They got an 'extra' out down-town!"

Tim whipped the horse to a lather. He was excited.

"To the Argus Building," said Max. "The bulletin board there."

There was a crowd before the newspaper office. Standing on the wagon seat Tim could see over their heads. The black board stared at him with white letters:

WAR NOT OVER —

and in smaller print:

END OF EPIDEMIC SEEN!

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Greater Revolutions Come out
of Laboratories than are
Made by Ideologies

The Crucible of Change

By

G. EDWARD PENDRAY

IN THE LABORATORIES OF TODAY the distant future is even now being born. Recently I asked fifty outstanding scientists and engineers what new developments in their workshops were most likely to affect the life of the average man within the next twenty-five years. Their answers tell of discoveries and processes which foreshadow, by the year 1964 or sooner, new products, changes in ways of living, which will bring vast realignments of trade, industry and even international affairs.

Dr. Colin Fink, head of Columbia University's Division of Electrochemistry, wrote: "I believe that the changes within the next twenty-five years are going to be even more radical than they have been in the past twenty-five." He expects chemistry to replace the old cabinet-making trade with its new plastics; new chemical materials to take the place of glass for such purposes as windows; leather and fur to meet competition from products of the chemical laboratories; metal parts and objects to be produced in powerful presses from fine powders instead of by melting and casting as at present; high-speed trains to be driven by propellers like airplanes; even rain and snow to be controlled electrically in the vicinity of large cities.

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Dr. Henry A. Berton, director of the American Institute of Physics, regards as "not even speculative" such broad developments as an increase of wild lands through abandonment of farms, geographical spreading of cities due to improved methods of communication and also to escape air attack, increased automatic control of machinery, development of universal television.

These forecasts are based on the assumption, proved by past experience, that we are twenty-five years or so behind the times. It takes about a quarter century for most inventions and discoveries to pass from the laboratory into common acceptance. Television, for example, was patented in 1884; vitamins were discovered twenty-seven years ago; the electric range, just now beginning to reach a mass market, has been under development nearly three decades.

Dr. William A. Hamor, assistant director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, recently reported that the number of men at work in industrial laboratories throughout the country had increased from 6,600 in 1930 to 44,000 in 1938. About 1,700 industrial laboratories are now in operation; $130,000,000 a year is spent for research. In 1938 new inventions and new ways of getting things done produced more than 38,000 patents, and many developments of tomorrow's world, still hatching obscurely in laboratories and workshops, have not yet reached the patent stage.

THE NEXT QUARTER CENTURY may well revolutionize that citadel of conservatism, the home. Within that time the old-fashioned furnace will quite possibly become extinct. Research in laboratories now working out its doom indicates that there are better ways of warming a house than by destroying oil or coal to heat water, which

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heats the great mass of air in a room, which in turn heats the people surrounded by the air. One answer may be infra-red rays, which transmit radiant energy, much as the sun's rays heat us after passing through the absolute zero cold of celestial space. Infra-red rays, next on the spectrum to radio short waves, like them may be pointed in any desired direction. Infra-red ray lamps may be so accurately focused — some experimenters say — that they can boil an egg inside a flask of water perched on a cake of ice. Already patents have been issued to cover cooking with these lamps.

By means of such lamps, or by the high frequency waves now used in fever therapy, warmth may be directly generated in the human body without wasting heat on the air. I have seen research workers, experimenting with these devices, sitting warm and comfortable in their shirt sleeves, though thermometers in the laboratory showed the temperature of the air to be about that inside a good refrigerator.

Pause for a moment to picture the housewife of 1964 — on a winter's day. Wearing stockings of coal and dress of glass, she stands in her kitchen. The windows are open, the temperature is only 50°, but she is warm as she cooks her water-farm mango-tomatoes (fourth crop since April) with infra-red rays. And she has plenty of time to tune in on her television set, because dusting the house (the walls are of plastic, the bathroom was molded in one piece) is no longer a problem.

For the house of the future, electricity may eliminate both the annual spring cleaning and the allergic sneezes of its occupants. Development of devices even now in operation may bring this about. The air in a room is passed through an electrically charged area, then through a series of plates oppositely charged. The plates capture,

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quickly and silently, about ninety-nine percent of all solid matter in the air — dust particles, soot, pollen, even bacteria. A few of these Precipitrons, as they are called, are already in use in department stores and office buildings. Much wider use of them is only a matter of time, and will be an incalculable factor for better health. Several engineers have already built Precipitrons for their homes in smoky Pittsburgh. The wife of one of them reports that her curtains need washing only three times a year, while her neighbors must wash theirs once a fortnight. The family is fond of white cats, but was never able to keep them white. They now have two, and amuse themselves by lending one to a neighbor. After two weeks the visiting cat comes back a sooty grey, while the cat that stayed home, in rooms sieved by the Precipitron, is as white as ever.

Precipitrons may not be able to control epidemics, but bacteria are being killed in another way. Inexpensive ultraviolet lamps are already being used in meat markets and storehouses to help preserve food against bacterial decay; in restaurants and soda fountains to sterilize glasses. Some hospitals are using them experimentally to reduce the danger of infection during operations. Much research remains to be done, but it is not inconceivable that the theatregoers of 1964 will get baths of invisible germ killing radiation, that during epidemics health commissioners, instead of warning against crowds, may be urging attendance at irradiated public gatherings.

IN THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, man may go a long way toward harnessing the miraculous golden downpour of free energy from the sun. Engineers are at last examining this greatest of all sources of power. Last autumn a patent was granted to Dr. C. G. Abbot, secretary of the

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Smithsonian Institution, for a solar power machine as simple as it is ingenious, and capable of competing with coal in the generation of steam. This device captures the sun's rays on a trough-like aluminum mirror, driven by clockwork to follow the sun's daily march across the sky. The mirror brings the rays to a sharp, hot focus upon an insulated glass tube containing a thin stream of water in constant circulation. On a bright day, the water soon becomes hot enough to flash into steam.

Dr. Abbot finds that his solar machine can do all kinds of cooking satisfactorily. It will stew, boil, preserve, even fry eggs and bacon. Insulation makes the temperature of the water drop so slowly overnight that in the morning there is still heat enough left to bake biscuits. Ranchers and farmers in dry sunny regions have shown keen interest in it; several hundred solar water heaters, ovens and stills are said to be in operation, mostly in California. The apparatus is inexpensive to build, costs little to keep in repair, and of course the power is free. In one month the sun lavishes on the surface of the earth as much energy as man will ever get from all the eight trillion tons of coal that lie beneath it.

Dr. Abbot's machine is fifteen percent efficient — for every seven horsepower a mirror eight feet square receives from the sun, it delivers one horsepower for the use of man. Storing the energy overnight or during cloudy weather naturally increases the cost. One obstacle in the way of development of solar machines on a large commercial scale is the problem of transporting electricity over long distances to its market. Yet present researches in the use of direct current at high voltages may turn a dream into reality. One can imagine international coöperation, and capital, building a world-wide ring of solar power stations on which the sun never sets.

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Promising attacks on the problem of solar energy have also been made from another angle. Thermocouples and photoelectric cells are able to translate radiant energy such as we get from the sun directly into electric current. Visitors to the Chicago World's Fair in 1932 saw a bank of thermocouples, acted upon by a gas flame, operating a "one fly-power" motor. If the present rate of research progress continues, we may some day live in houses covered with "photo-electric shingles" which provide all the household light and power. The average household now uses about 700 kilowatt hours of electricity a year, or about as much as the sun pours down upon a good size roof in a single cloudless midsummer day. Assuming only twenty-five percent efficiency, and only eight hours of good sunlight per day for 250 days a year, the lucky owner of a photoelectric roof would receive about $1,800 worth of electricity for nothing except the cost of the roof and the auxiliary equipment — whatever that might be.

For the present, this is a pipe-dream — as once were airplanes, radio and television. We cannot say it will not happen; things as strange already have. For one thing, the attack upon the sun as a source of power is organized and financed not only in private and industrial laboratories, but also in at least one great engineering institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recently endowed with a fund of $600,000 for research in methods of harnessing the sun. All methods will be studied: mechanical, electrical, or chemical — such as the research in chlorophyl now going on at Antioch and elsewhere in an attempt to penetrate the secret of how the green substance of plants uses solar energy to change carbon dioxide and water into starch and sugar.

These researches suggest possibilities that are strange,

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but no stranger than the revolution in man's way of living that followed the harnessing of steam. Cheap, abundant power direct from the sun might in time change the Sahara into a thickly populated garden. Palestine could blossom again, the sands of Arabia might become politically important, our own arid West might be irrigated and fertilized by the sun that now curses it. And our children may grow up in a world where nations scramble, not for coal and oil, but for control of the great sunlit desert spaces.

THE FIRST STEPS have already been taken toward radical changes in methods of lighting our homes. Instead of producing light by the incandescence of a hot wire, the new fluorescent lamps work on an entirely new principle in the field of practical illumination. The tube of a fluorescent lamp is filled with thin mercury vapor. Current discharged through the vapor produces ultraviolet radiation, invisible to the eye. The inside of the tube is coated with certain chemical compounds. Ultraviolet radiation, acting on these chemicals, causes them to emit visible light, white or of different colors according to the compound used. Fluorescent lamps, now on the market in two shades of white and five colors (gold, red, pink, blue and green), produce from thirty to fifty times as much light per watt as the common incandescent bulb.

In the laboratory at Bloomfield, New Jersey, is an experimental lighting demonstration jocularly referred to by research engineers as the "mood room." By manipulation of buttons on a control panel, the room can be flooded with a blaze of sunlight through a side wall of glass blocks. By another change, the room is set for the cocktail hour, with soft colored lights and an atmosphere

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of quiet relaxation. Other color combinations can fit the lighting to the owner's mood, or change his mood by changing the lighting. Fluorescence has still other possibilities. The walls of a room might be coated with fluorescent materials, which could be made to emit light by stimulation from small, hidden sources of ultraviolet. There would be no shadows or dark corners; light would come from every direction; the occupants of the room would in effect be living inside their lamp.

Since the dawn of history our clothing has been derived from plants and animals. But last year a patent was issued for a new artificial fiber, nylon, that can be made synthetically from coal, air and water. Its strands are claimed to be as strong as steel and as fine as the filaments of a spider's web. And here is the new "vinyon" made from petroleum products, and another fiber from polyvinyl resins which is virtually unshrinkable, fireproof, water resistant, and more elastic than silk. These products (unlike rayon, which comes from cellulose) are true synthetic fibers.

We can predict many more within the next few years. Not only may they drive natural silk from the market, dealing a body blow to Japan's economy, but they will encroach on other natural fibers. Chemists expect the coal mine and the oil well to rival the cotton field and the sheep pasture as a source of the world's clothing. Even the hog is threatened: nylon-bristled toothbrushes, already on the market, are said to be more sanitary and to wear better than those made from the best imported hog bristles.

There is a possibility, too, of clothes made of glass. Threads are now being spun from little marbles of molten glass; a single globule the size of a cherry yields a thread 150 miles long, and an eighth as thick as a

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human hair. Twisted into yarn, and woven on standard weaving machines, these glass threads produce a fabric which is lustrous, silky, warm, and pleasant to touch, but heavy and as yet too expensive. Now used only in industry (as insulating material in electric motors, for filtering corrosive chemicals), glass cloth may soon be seen as trimming for hats, in ornaments and handbags. By 1964 it might form a large part of our wardrobes.

If glass is competing with textiles, resins from coal are competing with glass. These plastics are as transparent as glass. They are already in use as a thin layer sandwiched between ordinary glass, in the windshield of many automobiles. Resin glass will transmit ultraviolet rays — which ordinary glass does not. Though easily scratched, it can be repolished. Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. of England are making lenses and eyeglasses of these resins. In a recent demonstration, they were pounded with a hammer and bounced on a table top. It may shortly be possible to buy plastic eyeglasses for a dollar a pair, binoculars for three dollars, high grade cameras for five dollars.

The comparatively young science of plastics holds great things in store. Already Micarta and other plastics are being substituted for metal, particularly as bearings. These new metallic bearings need no oil: they are lubricated with water. In steel mills they have been used to solve the problem of wear on heavy roller bearings. In the paper industry, plastic parts, economical, durable and unaffected by chemicals, are replacing at least 150 wood and metal parts on the huge Fourdrinier machines. In Germany, at least partly successful automobile bodies have been made of phenol plastics. In this country we seem to be in sight of the revolution in airplane manufacture that would come with mass production. A cabin

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plane designed by Col. V. E. Clark was fitted with a semi-plastic fuselage. It takes many days to produce an all-metal fuselage. This plastic one was molded by nine men in two hours.

FOR AGRICULTURE'S NEXT twenty-five years, experts predict changes as vital as any in the last 2,000. The science of hydroponics or "soilless farming" is well launched. Housed in glass, protected against frost, drought, disease and insects, forced with lights by night and artificial heat by day, plants in these "water-farms" can produce many crops a year. Though not yet a threat to normal farming, hydroponics can create climates and conditions that exist in far-off countries or in other seasons. Coupled with the new methods of biologists and chemists for altering plant nature by chemical control, these water-farms may be producing foods and plants such as are now unheard of, under artificial conditions that no natural plant requires.

At the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research in Yonkers, New York, ways have been found to make plants grow roots at nearly any point on their stalks, by painting the desired point with certain chemicals. At Cold Spring Harbor, New York, Dr. A. F. Blakeslee, of the Carnegie Institution, has achieved amazing results by treating seeds with a chemical, colchicine, which appears to produce a doubling of the chromosomes. As a result, the plant seems to skip at one jump many centuries of the process of evolution. The possibility of thus creating new and useful species of plants at will is momentous, and geneticists have called this discovery as important to the plant world as the invention of the steam engine was to transportation and power.

Another result of colchicine treatment is the possibility of causing otherwise sterile hybrids to reproduce. In the

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plant world, as among animals, related plants may be crossed, producing advantageous individuals which, like the mule, cannot reproduce. But if the chromosomes of such hybrids can be doubled by colchicine treatment, reproduction takes place, and again a new species may be created. The new "doubled hybrid" will not only breed true, but will usually be bigger, stronger, more resistant to disease, and bear bigger fruits or flowers than the sterile hybrid from which it came, or either of its original grandparents.

Whether such treatment can be applied to animals has not yet been tested. Dr. Blakeslee believes it may be impossible, partly because of the difficulty of getting at the reproductive cells with colchicine at the proper time. But if it can be done with plants, geneticists are unlikely to rest until they have thoroughly explored the possibilities in other directions. We are not likely within the next quarter century to see "super-mules" competing with the tractor, or new, strange species of animals created in biological laboratories. Yet nobody who has observed the unpredictableness of scientific development will hazard a statement that it cannot ultimately be done.

The headlines these days are all of dictators and armies, the threat of war and what seems the death rattle of peace. Probably we do wrong to try to guess the future, whether political or economic, from the news printed in the largest type. We must read the back pages and the finer print, to find those events, presided over by cautious, quiet men bending over test tubes, which will most radically and permanently change the world our children are to live in. The features of 1964 are being molded, not by statesmen, soldiers or dictators, but by technicians in the laboratories. It is here that the real revolution is taking place.

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Reason and Emotion — Twin Steeds
Harnessed to Man's Will!

Educating the Emotions

By

BURGES JOHNSON

How do I who am a teacher (God forgive my arrogance) like to define an educated person? Certainly he is not one whose thought or behavior is controlled by his emotions. There are too many of that sort loose in the world today, and we should like to believe education will reduce their numbers. One cannot discuss international problems with such people because, as they cheerfully admit, they "never liked foreigners." One cannot reason with them about political issues because of their "hatred" or "love" for this or that political leader. They read the newspaper that feeds their emotional appetites; they nurse their prejudices and starve their reason. And one is forever meeting such people in educated company!

It does not need a good memory or a long one to recall a hundred occasions when waves of popular feeling were directed now this way and now that by a self-seeking press or a demagogic leader, while every parlor sentimentalist, allegedly educated, and every street corner emotionalist made himself an agent in furtherance of each silly or evil purpose.

Many of our smoking-car debaters whose emotions run away with themselves were supposedly inoculated

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against such fevers by four years of college, and bear the vaccination mark of a degree; yet they prove daily that it did not "take." There are among us college graduates too many children of mature years who wish to break up the game when our feelings are hurt; too many emotionalists who throw pop bottles at the umpire.

Yet we do not want our higher education to crush out the emotions and develop a generation of thinking machines, creatures who can smother their natural impulses under a blanket of cold fact, who can substitute logic for love. Reason can be too much exalted. There are syllogisms of logic that lead inevitably to absurdity; there are mathematical equations which are reducible to nonsense. Statistics can support untruth and questionnaires sustain fantasy. There is hardly a social convention or a human custom which cannot be proved foolish in the light of pure reason, yet it has worked and continues to work because emotionally we cannot get on without it.

Even a psychologist must admit that a world governed by reason alone would be a sour world in which to live; he must admit that many a man whose experience has developed only his reasoning power has found himself so perplexed or frightened in an emotional crisis that he has resorted to escape. But I would go further and assert that men's emotions have often led them to the truth when reason would have led them astray. Those who reason about democracy today, for instance, taking a coldly scientific attitude toward it, analyzing its weaknesses and its failures, are likely to be the very ones who eventually betray it. But those who retain their faith in it against any or all reasons are, strangely enough, the ones who prove its very rightness.

Reason's most important task apparently is to discipline the "feelings;" in fact, a chief object of all our edu-

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cation is to provide that discipline, and not to seek the enthronement of pure reason as the director of our lives. Emotion is the child, reason is the rod. "Spare the rod and spoil the child;" but no one would ever assert that discipline is for the sake of the rod, in order to keep it limber and effective!

So I am wondering whether in our college programs we ought not to recognize that Feeling is at least on a par with Thinking, instead of treating it as a sort of weaker sister, its display a sign of weakness, its recognition somehow unacademic.

IT IS EASY ENOUGH TO PLAN an educational program in thinking — whether or not it gets results. Lectures, textbooks, discussions, debates, laboratory experiments — these all train the processes of thought. But what sort of educational program can be set up that might result in the discipline and control of the emotions? We think we may be able to teach students how to think, but can we teach them how to feel? The notion that perhaps we can is an idea that I should like to see realized.

Such an education would, among other results, make us aware that this world has been governed or misgoverned by emotion, that progress or retrogression in men's affairs is due to the massed forces of love, and hate, ambition, covetousness, pity, good-will; that laughter can destroy in a moment the structure that Reason had been painstakingly erecting through patient months; that wars have changed nation's destinies, yet no one has ever asserted that Reason made a war or proved that Reason has ever ended one. An age of Reason culminates in the emotional riot of a revolution; Reason herself asserts that her final objective is an emotional state of happiness!

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Intellectual training today in the colleges is planned on the assumption that discipline of the mind is more important than any accumulation of facts; so our work in laboratory and classroom has for its objective a skillful use of our thinking machinery, rather than the mere memorizing of recipes and techniques. If emotional discipline also is to be an objective, it will not be enough to gain information, important though that may be.

Classroom and laboratory work devoted to emotional experience sounds fantastic enough and might evoke ribald comment, until we suddenly realize that there is nothing new or strange about it. The fine arts have ever been a means by which the whole range of men's emotional experiences have found direct expression. Music, painting, sculpture, literature, drama, the dance — if these have any place in the educational scheme it must be because they can help to solve my problem; unless they should be so badly taught as to misdirect the use of emotional powers rather than to discipline and develop them.

One can get to be as hopeless a drunkard emotionally as physically. Emotional dissipation is more widely practiced than the alcoholic variety and is equally harmful to the individual and to society. There is little to choose between nebulous reasoning and sloppy sentimentalism. One often causes the other; and education is supposed to do away with both.

What, for instance, is the difference between drama and melodrama; between sentiment and sentimentality; between emotion and emotionalism? We clearly recognize distinctions, but where each leaves off and the other begins, it is difficult to say. But one thing is certain; education should prevent a man who is trying to create drama from creating melodrama, at least without

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knowing it; prevent a man who has sentiment from becoming sentimental, at least without knowing it; and prevent a man who has emotions from cultivating emotionalism, at least without knowing it.

Joy, sorrow, pride, exaltation, anger, gratitude, — each of these may be a part of the message the artist would communicate, and his bosom may be bursting with the volume of his emotion; but he must take into consideration the restraints imposed by his media, the limitations of his vocabulary. These limitations may be the area of the canvas within a frame, the fragility of marble, the physical limitations of bone and muscle, the laws of harmonics, the tensile strength of wire and catgut, the matter-of-factness of words. All of these restraints provide discipline; and he must be further disciplined by an understanding of man's understanding, a growing knowledge of the limitations of those fellowmen toward whom his emotions would cry out. If he resents these restraints and refuses to subject himself to them he becomes nothing but a flabby emotionalist.

We teachers of composition learn to know well the young poetess who weeps as she writes, until her ink is thinned by her tears; and the young romanticist whose reservoir of emotion leaks away through his adjectives. I was once conducting a course at a pleasant summer school among the hills. A young woman came to me and asked if she might write poetry if she took my course. "Would you insist upon the use of regular forms of verse?" she asked. I explained apologetically that I should, because I believed a certain amount of such drill, like a musician's finger exercises, would develop an essential power of self-control. "I shall never," she declared, "allow anyone to dictate to *me* the way I shall reveal my emotions." I felt a bit inadequate, and sug-

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gested that we put the case before Robert Frost, who happened to be sitting not far away. He listened gravely, and then said to her, "Do you know, every time I play tennis I do not try to change the court." Her blank look proved that the parable had failed, so he added, "and I sometimes think that I play better tennis because the court is there."

THE FEELINGS, UNHAPPILY, HAVE no spoken vocabulary of their own for the matter-of-fact student to master. They must be forever borrowing terms from the realms of logic and matter-of-factness, using these terms figuratively or symbolically.

The musician, perhaps, possesses more nearly than any other artist a vocabulary in which he may describe all the subtleties of his feeling, for tone and rhythm provide emotion with an almost adequate alphabet. But if music has discovered emotion's most nearly perfect vocabulary, after music comes poetry. For poetry is an effort to communicate an emotional experience by means of figurative language in musical form. Prose given a musical quality may become poetry; poetry lacking music becomes prose. The poet imagines at first that words which are the perfect symbols of thought must also be the perfect symbols of feeling, and he finds that they are not, since emotion has no dictionary all its own, and the words which it borrows often hinder his purpose. Poetry achieved its greatest triumph when it was a spoken rather than a written art, with tones for symbols.

The emotions of the poet are controlled by the pattern he has chosen, to which he is then bound — those arrangements of accent which we call rhythm, or recurrent echoes of sound which we call rhyme. Many other disciplines must he undergo, or he will fail. So too must

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the essayist be controlled by an understanding of the average reader's normal reactions. So too is the advertiser disciplined when he must condense a sales argument into ten words of display type.

My young romancer opens his story with these thrilling words: "*My God!*" *she shrieked, leaping over the edge of the cliff*, and his own undisciplined young heart is bruised by the laughter which follows. Yet he might have so curbed his feelings, while he led his readers step by step toward tragedy, that he would eventually have seen all the reaction his artistry demanded reflected in the faces of his readers.

The editorial writer must learn to hold his own feelings in leash or he will lose his reader's sympathy; the platform speaker must so control himself that he may by degrees carry his hearers to the heights of his own emotion. The street-corner disputant who reinforces every statement with an oath would, if he were intelligent enough, soon discover that his oaths no longer provide reinforcement. The young woman whose conversation is all exclamatory — a succession of little staccato screams — soon has no power of emphasis left unless she carries a megaphone. Even those letter-writers who are in the habit of underlining adjectives and using double exclamation points soon find that the power of these gentle expletives has departed; or they never discover it, which is worse. Emphasis destroys itself. Unrestrained emotional expression always defeats its own purposes. These things the educated person must come to know, or he is not effectively educated.

To be ruled by a mob — that is a terrible threat, and we know to our cost that it is not a fantastic one. Mobs are monsters possessed of brute strength, brainless, but swept by gusts of passion that drive them forward to any ex-

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cesses. The mob-spirit can be encouraged in a people; they can be gotten into mob-forming habits by an emotionalized press and a sentimentalized cinema. Religion is not the cure, as some have asserted. This country has known many mobs that were aroused by religious frenzy. There is only one sure prophylactic against mobs, and that is neither religion, nor police, nor any form of government, nor any kind of leadership, nor philosophy, nor logic; it is individual self-control, which means control of the emotions; and only the right sort of educational experience can develop that. Yet the feelings that cause a mob are, strangely enough, ones that we cannot do without: gregariousness, a sense of unified purpose, a desire for justice, resentment against wrongs, real or imaginary, a hatred of evil. Society would break down without these.

IF DISCIPLINE OF THE EMOTIONS is a high object of our education, the college campus must work hand in hand with the classroom, for it is a potential laboratory where many tests are perforce being made in human relationship. It is strange how infrequently or inadequately the campus is harnessed up to the classroom in the common purposes of education! American universities, having abandoned the simple European pattern, have brought together thousands of young men and young women and packed them like sardines into an acre of buildings, thus producing abnormal social problems and abnormal stresses and strains. Then their administrators talk vaguely of student self-government, or assert an indifference to anything save the intellectual life of these young people, or move in circles setting up systems of supervision and rewards and punishments, with a confusion of social penalties for academic errors and academic penal-

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ties for social errors; never quite daring to face the fact that if jurisdiction has been extended over the young people in all hours of residence, then all those hours must be harnessed up together somehow, with one unified educational purpose in view.

Education is an accumulation of many self-disciplines and an acceptance of many elementary techniques. From the directing of small flights of poetic fancy or the condensing of a paragraph into an epigram to the chaining of passions seems a far cry. But it is also a far cry from the solving of simple equations to the determining of stellar distances.

Hate — unbridled, undisciplined, unreasoning, ignorant hate — has made a mess of men's affairs. History tells us what havoc it has wrought to society and civilization; psychology tells us what it may do to the individual mind; physiology what poisons it may generate in the system. But hatred controlled, its expression directed, — hatred of filth and graft and hypocrisy — is an emotion that we cannot well do without.

Pity, misdirected and uncontrolled, is a wishy-washy thing that may undo all the wisest efforts of well-planned social service; it may destroy self-respect and leave characterless wrecks in its wake. But pity directed and controlled by understanding might cure half the ills of this poor old world of ours.

Obviously, all of our emotions are forces for good or for harm. Where ignorance rules, the dramatic becomes melodramatic, emotion becomes emotionalism, sentiment becomes sentimentality. Where ignorance rules, reason is forever being distorted by emotion *without knowing it.* Trained intelligence accompanied by untrained emotions can destroy our world faster than ignorance can destroy it. So an education which fails to teach us to appraise the

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power and even to determine the identity of our own feelings has failed indeed.

It would be a great achievement of formal education if it sent young people out into the world possessing that force of personality which comes from knowing what it was like once upon a time to be swept by gusts of temper, but with that temper now under control; and possessing that capacity for sympathy which comes from sorrow self-contained. There is a hint of latent fire about such persons that commands respect. It might, too, send them out filled with laughter, but a laughter that had been cleansed of ignorance and cruelty. It would be well for them to know clearly what shame is, and pride, and pity, and resentment, and disgust and awe, and admiration, and love — all of these forces within themselves disciplined by reason and understanding, but never supplanted.

Religions have never succeeded very well in controlling all of these forces that actuate men's behavior. Education might have more success if it dealt with them all consciously and directly, investing them with the dignity of full recognition.

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DRAMA:

Veteran performers please . . . .
Seasoned playwrights disappoint

MR. WILLIAM SAROYAN'S *My Heart's in the Highlands* has created something of a stir among the newspaper critics, driving a few of them into hysterics of joy and others into a state of pleasant bewilderment. All seem to agree that they can't make sense out of it, and all apparently note significance of a sort in it. The general public, however, showed little interest in this commotion, keeping away from Mr. Saroyan's reputed jewel by the hundreds of thousands.

Once again, as heretofore on several occasions, the present reviewer must agree with the general public. *My Heart's in the Highlands* contains no mysteries of meaning. It makes sense from beginning to end, but unfortunately that sense reminds one of the mouthings of a very bright pupil in a progressive school. The story concerns a third-rate poet who suffers hardship and eventual eviction from his home, and whose lot takes on a certain glow in his own eyes by his first-hand knowledge that another third-rate artist, an actor, has gone through the same experiences.

This banal tale, told in language devoid of eloquence and constructed so loosely that it creaks all the way through, managed to keep the audience in their seats for two reasons: first, it ran only a little more than an hour, and, second, one could not help being impressed by Mr. Robert Lewis's extraordinary direction and Mr. Paul Bowles's expert musical accompaniment. Without this direction and music, *My Heart's in the Highlands* would have stood out at once and to all for what it is: a meander-

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ing piece of effervescent adolescence. Boiled down to five minutes of playing time, with a hurdy-gurdy going every second, it might have made a tolerable tear-jerker on a vaudeville stage, but on the stage of the Theatre Guild it made an embarrassing sight.

PHILIP BARRY'S SECOND VENTURE this season, *The Philadelphia Story*, brought back to the New York theatre Katherine Hepburn, and to the people at large the realization that Mr. Barry probably can write only one kind of play, a slicky. Little more than a revision of his *Holiday*, his present tale deals with a brittle daughter of the Philadelphia rich, who divorces her first "understanding" husband, plans to marry a second, and ends by remarrying the first for reasons which only her Chanel No. 5 mind can make out. The dialogue has to be described as a sort of intellectual ping-pong — swift and boring. Not one character comes to life on the stage, and not one truly fresh conceit leaps across the footlights. People move about and things happen as if they were persons and situations in a comic strip printed on imported Japanese paper.

Miss Hepburn, who still has far to go before she can be considered an imaginative actress of size, plays the frigid, brittle little girl to the hilt — effortlessly and without offense. She has played the part before. In fact, it is the only part she has ever played with any ability. Audiences obviously appreciate her. If her torso were not so streamlined and her voice a bit more natural, they would probably appreciate her less.

A SLIGHTLY BETTER PLAY and an enormously better actress graced the Empire Theatre, where Ethel Waters performed in *Mamba's Daughters*, by Dorothy and DuBose

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Heyward, a dramatization of the novel of the same title by Mr. Heyward. The story, as everybody knows by now, concerns Hagar, the large Negro woman of vast physical powers and free morals, who must leave town because of her "attack" upon a white man, and who in the end kills another white man in order to save her daughter from humiliation, her daughter, in the meanwhile, having achieved a radio career. Mr. McClintic has directed it skilfully; Jerome Kern has contributed a very moving song, "Lonesome Walls," from a lyric by Mr. Heyward; and Fredi Washington, Anne Brown, Georgette Harvey, and J. Rosamond Johnson give fine performances.

The script suffers from a looseness of construction and a commonplaceness of ideas, so that in the end the people and the situations don't add up. Undoubtedly what saved the play from flopping was Miss Waters' performance of Hagar, who commits murder and dies a suicide for her child's sake. It was one of the glories of the current season, and put Miss Waters in the front rank of actresses in the United States. One hopes that she will add magnificence to the American theatre for many years to come.

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY'S last presentation this season, *No Time for Comedy*, by S. N. Behrman, contributes very little to the artistic record of the organization, or to Mr. Behrman's stature in the theatre. He still has to learn that chit-chat regarding petty adulteries among the rich does not make a play, and that even stubborn love loses interest unless at least one of the parties involved merits attention as a personality. All his characters in the present play belong to the pismire class, and nothing Mr. Behrman has them do raises them above it. His dialogue, though suave, as the saying goes,

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rapidly begins to sound like wood-pecking, so monotonous and unilluminating is it, while his occasional excursions into politics and economics — he apparently has come to the conclusion that fancy New York people, including playwrights, also read the newspapers — seem to stem from the auditorium of the Ethical Culture Society.

Mr. Behrman's fable can be described simply: a second-rate playwright, losing his grip, seeks for inspiration in the gabble and embraces of another man's wife, while the man proposes marriage to the playwright's wife. The latter refuses to surrender her man, and gives the other woman so severe a verbal trouncing that both she and the errant husband are ashamed, and he goes back to his lawful spouse — after she gives him the story of a play which excites him, the story being the playwright's own recent emotional experiences. The drugstorishness of this fable could be made to disappear with ponderable dramatic art, which Mr. Behrman unfortunately does not display. Even the highly able performances of Katharine Cornell, Laurence Olivier, and Margalo Gillmore cannot save it from being a piece of merchandise on sale at the novelty counter.

IRWIN SHAW SUBTITLED his third effort on Broadway, *The Gentle People*, "A Brooklyn fable." A more accurate subtitle would have been "a proletarian pulp story," for most of the elements of such a story can be found in it: the carefree, poor, fun-loving and good-natured father, who dislikes capitalists and racketeers; the hard-working, nagging mother; the glamorous daughter who simply must have her excitement, and who, of course, finds it in the wrong place — in the arms of a racketeer, who exacts tribute from her father, but whom she loves just the same;

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and finally, the simple, hard-working young man, who has always loved the basically decent daughter and who waits for her when the racketeer is killed by her father and a fishing friend of his.

The Group Theatre, under the very able direction of Harold Clurman, did all in its power to rescue this stuff, and Sam Jaffe as the father and Sylvia Sidney as the daughter did their shares remarkably well, but they were unable to stifle the bad artistic odor that pervaded the entire script. Boris Aronson's settings deserve special commendation. If only the play had been worthy of them!

THE BEST MUSICAL SHOW in town, *Leave It to Me*, one hopes, will delight New Yorkers for many months to come. With the book by Bella and Samuel Spewack and the music and lyrics by Cole Porter, it constitutes an evening of excellent entertainment, compounded of sharp satire, pointed buffoonery, and tuneful, mature melodies. It relates the exploits of a pompous foreign correspondent, who takes it upon himself to make a somewhat vague American ambassador to Moscow *persona non grata*, but whatever he tells the latter to do places him in higher favor not only in the Russian capital but also with the State Department. In the end the ambassador does manage to get himself out of his job, returns home to Kansas, and there offers the foreign correspondent a job. Victor Moore as the ambassador would alone make the show worthy of long remembrance, for he plays the part in a sort of pre-natal haze that makes his mere appearance upon the stage a joy. He is ably assisted by William Gaxton as the foreign correspondent and Sophie Tucker as Mrs. Ambassador.

At least four of Mr. Porter's numbers deserve special mention: "Get Out of Town," "Most Gentlemen Don't

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Like Love," "I Want to Go Home," and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." Perhaps the best of them is "I Want to Go Home." As sung by Mr. Moore, it digs several miles into the soul of America, particularly the Middle West.

COMPARED TO THE SPEWACK-PORTER show, Nancy Hamilton's *One for the Money*, a musical revue, seems like a Junior League precocity. More lipstick than playwrighting talent went into its composition, so that when it should be pointed it is irritating, and when it should be light it tends to be girlishly hysterical. The sharpest, and also the unfairest, sketch in the show is "My Day," a take-off on Mrs. Roosevelt and her column. Miss Nancy Hamilton, the omnibus genius who wrote all the sketches and lyrics (with the music by Morgan Lewis) and also acts, plays the part of Mrs. Roosevelt with a venom that would be more effective if it had greater relationship to the truth.

OF *I Must Love Someone*, by Jack Kirkland and Leyla Georgie, little more need be said than that it is up to Mr. Kirkland's usual standard: cheap, hollow, and amateurish. It deals with stage life in the old "Police Gazette" manner. Nancy Carroll, James Rennie, Harry Bannister, and the rest of the cast have obviously caught the spirit of the thing, and one hopes their performances make Mr. Kirkland and his collaborator happy.

LENORE COFFEE AND WILLIAM JOYCE COWEN have presented Broadway this season with a story of the family of Jesus, starring Judith Anderson as His mother, that might better have graced the pages of the "Woman's Home Companion," for their *Family Portrait* has as much to do

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with historical fact or legend as the fictional characters in the aforementioned journal have to do with reality. Jesus does not appear on the stage, but the personality attributed to Him resembles that of an obedient Sunday-school boy, sweet, soft, and soapy. Insofar as we know anything about Him, He was the opposite: realistic, hard to the point of stubbornness and even extreme intolerance, and possessed of a gentleness that only omnipotence can afford. This the authors miss, and what they do say they manage to say in humdrum prose reminiscent of Christmas editorials in the daily press.

Margaret Webster's direction is rather heavy-handed, and her own performance of Mary of Magdala leaves very much to be desired. Miss Anderson plays the part of a mother very well, but whether she plays the part of Jesus's mother well is open to doubt. To at least one observer her performance seemed as implausible as the entire play.

Mr. Paul Vincent Carroll obviously can fashion a good play, as *The White Steed* abundantly showed. He wastes no characters, and he seldom indulges in aimless verbosity, but his work somehow lacks magic. He wants the touch of, say, O'Casey, who manages to turn nearly everything to something warm and at the same time far-away and mysterious.

The White Steed is a realistic play of a busybody priest, who has not yet learned the meaning of Christian charity, which an elder canon tries to teach him — and in the end succeeds, thereby also bringing together two lovers whom the meddler's doings had kept apart. It flowed along smoothly, enormously aided by the superb performances of Barry Fitzgerald as the canon, George Coulouris as the priest, and Jessica Tandy as the girl whose life he almost

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ruins. It says the right things about good and evil, charity and decency. But somehow it doesn't stir, it leaves no overtones. The reason for this cannot be found in the realistic nature of the play, for O'Casey instilled plenty of magic in an even more realistic play, *The Plough and the Stars*. The reason probably has to be sought in Mr. Carroll. Either he holds converse with fewer angels than his fellow countryman, or his angels speak a more practical language.

A BELATED WORD about another play by two of His Majesty's subjects, *Oscar Wilde*, by Leslie and Sewell Stokes. A monologue rather than a play, it presented to the American public an actor in the person of Robert Morley, who will probably never be forgotten by those who witnessed his performance of the unhappy Englishman. With gesture and with grimace, with the quiver of his lower lip and the raising of a finger, Mr. Morley threw across the footlights a character that for sheer artistry has probably never been surpassed here.

THE REVIVAL OF MR. ODETS' *Awake and Sing* reminded the theatre-going public that, for all its faults, it is the best full-length play he has written so far. The third act still seems wrong, and so does much of the second, but to a large extent the play is honest and eloquent.

Outward Bound, by Sutton Vane, as presented in revival by the Playhouse Company, continues to have a strange, powerful appeal. It, too, begins to wobble in Act Two, and pretty nearly collapses in Act Three, but the basic idea of the play is so original and so imaginatively treated that it covers up many of its deficiencies. Laurette Taylor's performance of Mrs. Midgit was magnificent.

CHARLES ANGOFF

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ART:

Four Centuries of Nudes —
Eccentric Contemporaries

THE EXHIBITIONS ON VIEW for the past several weeks have been more than usually illuminating of the organic relationship between painting and social and moral trends; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, particularly of the contemporary shows, the relationship between painting and society's various states of mind.

At Knoedler's, for example, we are permitted to study the development of the nude from Pollaiuolo (1429–1498) to present-day Picasso. At the Durand-Ruel where the Renoir portraits are exhibited, we observe the phenomenon of a great creative intelligence confronted for the first time (with the invention of the daguerreotype camera) by an ascendant non-intelligence. At Julien Levy's and at the newly-opened Associated Artists Gallery, in both the Thomas Benton and Dali shows, we come upon the artist recovering from the intrusion of the mechanical monster — its functional challenge, and the entire series of literal commodity evaluations of life which followed upon the newly industrialized society from which the "interpreter," highly spiritualized as he deemed himself, was a refugee. Here is the attempt to affirm once more "natural" imaginative values. We find both men shifting experimentation from form to content, resorting to an intensely subjectivized idiom in an effort to humanize their medium (itself become, since Renoir, a machine for escape), failing because of a kind of esthetic provincialism, the Spaniard employing an unintelligible Freudian patois, the Mid-Westerner applying his oils in Missouri dialect.

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Each of these shows is the denominator of some public condition and state of consciousness, past or present, and need not be discussed in strictly visual terms or in terms of pure matter. Comparisons, in this case, are distinctly disadvantageous to the contemporary product and scene. Nothing is more apparent at the comprehensive show at Knoedler's than the fact that we are living through exceedingly thin times indeed. An embarrassing conclusion when we view these paintings of the human figure spanning six hundred years in history and culminating in Picasso's Rose Period. We do not mean to deprecate Picasso or "The Toilette" which is his contribution to the present show but it is our privilege to evaluate it in terms of the age and to contrast its qualities with the equally characteristic output of those other eras which keep it company. No one will deny its salient virtues, its delicacy and fragility, the arabesque poise of the figures, the expert draftsmanship.

On the other hand, observations may be made about the master's palette, the flat tones, the thin pigmentation, the tubercular blue of the background, the distorted, hallucinated quality of the figures. Here, there is none of the vitality, none of the organic feeling, none of the *flesh* of the other canvases, whether they be Corot or Cranach. Merely an exposed, aching sensibility. The medium, one feels, has become over-refined. One becomes aware of a redundancy — as though the artist has been working not from life, but from contextual figures which from the very beginning existed merely on canvas. The guilt must once again be marked against a society which has obsessed the artist with his function in it, rather than with the function of his work. Even though truly great, he merely italicizes his era; it is a *fin de siècle* mistake to believe that he is capable of raising its level.

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DISHEARTENED AT PICASSO and the bad showing the best of the twentieth century makes for itself, we turn to another experimentor, the man who leads off this varied collection of nudes and attitudes toward sensuality. Antonio Pollaiuolo, under the influence of Masaccio, succeeded in breaking away from the medieval tradition with its emphasis on rhythmic line and pattern. His problems were chiefly kinetic, the human figure, its energy and force, proportion and perspective. His work is represented by a bister drawing, "Fighting Nudes," and despite chronological disparity, we may find in it many points of resemblance to Picasso: the delicateness of line, the distortions in drawing. Yet here there is energy and movement, not Picasso's merely literary observations on the human figure.

It must be remembered that Pollaiuolo lived in a period of exploration and discovery, of great physical curiosity. The world was first conceived of as round, civilization was expanding, not collapsing like an umbrella. And we find all the elements of expansion in Pollaiuolo's work: strength and movement, the expression of physical optimism (quite different from the sensual feeling of physical celebration which we later find in Tintoretto's beautifully achieved "Lucretia and Tarquinius").

Perhaps the real *trouvaille* of this extensive nude panorama (which space unfortunately prevents us from discussing as extensively) is a painting by a little-known sixteenth century German, Jörg Pencz. His "Sleeping Nude" is almost ideally "modern" in its arrangement. There is extreme economy in its composition — none of the overcrowding so common in primitives, no microscopic landscaping in the background, nor such heterogeneous activity as we find in the Dosso Dossi "Circe,"

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detracting from the focal effect of the canvas as a whole. Strange and complete within itself, the Pencz still succeeds in being coherent with a tradition which renders the contemporary contribution slight, and all but historically excessive. Before going on to the Renoir portraits at the Durand-Ruel gallery, we must mention the Watteau, "Study of a Nude Figure," executed in oils on a panel no larger than a book (6⅛″ by 6″). It is so much more powerful in scope than the effulgent Veronese's or Boucher's nudes that it might well have served to epitomize the show.

THE TWO RENOIR PANELS, "Danse à la Ville" and "Danse à la Campagne" which with the "Bal à Bougival" constitute a trilogy in what is probably the apogee of Renoir's portrait period, are undoubtedly the most rewarding experiences at the Durand-Ruel. Complementing each other for the first time in this country — only one of the pair was hung at the comprehensive exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum several years ago — they possess the verve, the movement, the sheer physical exuberance and good health of no other painting of the last fifty years. It is the Renoir of pale tints and tones, before the "great" period of the "Coco Écrivant" or the "Patre en Repos" in which the fierceness of sunlight and the complacence of obese pink flesh seem to have been achieved at the expense of the earlier and more poetic quality.

In the portrait of "MM. Charles and George Durand-Ruel" (1882) we find Renoir devoted to literal resemblance with a naïveté which makes one think of Rousseau. Yet as one examines the background with its jungle of brush strokes and color, so much of an entirety withal, so much a solid area of painting, one may well anticipate the sweep and bloom of the later subjects. Surely Renoir,

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one feels, must have realized that his eye and brush had nothing to fear from a mechanical medium which depended upon acid for its effects.

THE NAMES OF DALI AND BENTON have been coupled by this reviewer because it is his belief that despite their superficial differences in approach, they both achieve the same results — or fail for the same reasons. Both present trite dicta, and in attempting original phraseology, become localized, the former in personality, the latter in place; neither succeeds in presenting a generalized experience. Of the two, Salvador Dali is, of course, the superior craftsman. No one can deny his control, or his familiarity with his tools — his background blue is only equalled by Maxfield Parrish — but the exposition of Freudian legend requires more than prestidigitation. Psychoanalytic truths acquire meaning only as they are syllogized from case-history (the literary system again) for which no quality of color or composition is a substitute.

Dali's paintings are significant merely as a succession of superbly executed but completely dissociated visual puns. Which is another way of describing the process of pulling rabbits out of empty hats, a device which depends for its coherence not upon what is presented, but upon what is withheld. Once the formula is investigated the whole performance becomes banal and obvious, loses whatever suspense or magic was intended.

It may be said of Mr. Benton's work, too, that the results are obvious and, in the same way, defined by the performer rather than by the performance. The Mid-Westerner's method of obfuscation, however, is much simpler than the surrealist's. It consists in reducing ideal experience to its geographic (in place of Dali's psycho-

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logic) equivalents. "Susanna and the Elders," for example, turns into the hired girl unwittingly giving the lecherous farmhands a treat. This same preoccupation with local slang seems to affect the technical aspects of the artist's work. Figures crowd each other out of composition like weeds, while colors riot with the wind. Benton is to be seen at his best in a still life, "The Blue Vase," which is accomplished with the sensitivity, the finicky and yet ingratiating quality of a slightly metaphysical antimacassar. Surely the pieces in this gallery have very little reference to anything more than desperately faddistic criteria.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Sonnet

DOM PARKES

Untasted fruit will be forever sweet,
Yet no eternal sweetness can atone
The loss of him whose lips are dry to meet
Upon ripe apples that his eyes have known;
And no untasted sweetness can appease
Deep hunger hollowing his eager flesh
Who longs to press the cooling green of leaves
Against his burning limbs to give them rest.
Within this wonder only dreams may dwell
And on this sweetness only eyes may feast:
Who loves too deeply fears to love too well
Lest, asking all, he be denied the least.
Oh shine forever, terrible and bright,
Eternal apples in enchanted night.

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CINEMA:

The Biographical-Historical Trend
— Promise of Greater Achievements

IT HAS BEEN SLOWLY DAWNING on those in control of the cinema industry that the public will not only accept pictures of important content but will, the saturation point on nonsense reached, demand them. The rising voice of the people has at last penetrated the inexplicable armour of taboos with which the industry has surrounded itself.

Now our easily raised hopes are full again. In his annual report to his employers, Mr. Will H. Hays officially blessed the coming-of-age movement. He admitted, a little sadly, it seemed, that those few well made pictures with serious social implications to reach an audience were well received and, where meritorious, acclaimed.

The flood of platitudes in the name of progress will be awful for a while, but a real growth of benefit to the producers and the consumers should result. With Warner Bros. leading the way (see reviews below) the U. S. should take its rightful place as the production model (speaking of quality now, not quantity) for the world.

The past quarter leaned heavily toward the biographical-historical. It is worth reviewing a representative group, each film in the order of its importance.

THE FILM OF THE YEAR, an excellent picture, is *Juarez*.

The title is the name of a man but it is not his story. It is the story of the principle he stood for: Democracy. It is democracy versus autocracy in the clearest terms it has ever been presented to a theatre audience.

With the United States at Civil War in no position to

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uphold the Monroe Doctrine, Napoleon III saw a chance to snatch the rich mineral lands of Mexico. The defeat of the Southern armies at Gettysburg indicated an eventually reunited nation above the Rio Grande which would not look with approval on the rape of her neighbor. It had to be made legal.

The Emperor Napoleon then tricked an unlettered peasantry and a gentle aristocrat with a fake plebiscite. Maximilian von Hapsburg and his wife Carlotta were placed on the throne of Mexico.

The struggle develops along two lines. The physical: a people fighting for freedom; the theoretical: the kindly despot against the elected leader of a nation.

Said Juarez: "When a Monarch misrules, he changes the people; when a President misrules, the people change him."

Maximilian, a sympathetic man who had never known the struggles of the oppressed and thought the solution simple, could only see a single word of difference between him and the Indian, Juarez: Democracy. That word was an insurmountable breach.

When Napoleon at a word from the United States Ambassador withdrew his support, Maximilian was doomed. So well wrought is this picture that, knowing him wrong, your heart goes in sorrow with this unhappy king to his tragically inevitable end. And Juarez speaks for you when he stands at the bier of his enemy and says simply, "Forgive me."

Perhaps the monarch was over-idealized. Perhaps the script should have permitted a leavening of laughter in the sombre figure of Juarez. Such criticism seems carping before brilliance.

Brian Aherne approaches perfection as the doomed usurper. Muni as Juarez is his usual authoritative, un-

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wavering, well considered character, but just a little dull. Bette Davis plays Carlotta, the queen, as the frail but human woman she was. A youth, Manuel Diaz as the shepherd Pepe, couples a light and a tragic bit excellently. The entire cast is good, shading nicely into the superior strength of the vehicle.

FROM A NEW RUSSIA comes a near masterpiece, *Alexander Nevsky*.

Sergei Eisenstein is still a great director. After a long eclipse he makes his re-entrance in the grand manner with *Alexander Nevsky*.

This is hardly more than the filming of a battle, and still nearly enough. There is a minor love theme, and a bit of social philosophy. There is the fight on the ice of Lake Peipus which re-establishes Eisenstein as the master of mass movement.

In the year 1242 the people of Novgorod, who were about all that was left of free Russia when the Tartar invaders stopped to yawn, turned to face the more imminent danger from the west.

The crusading Order of The Teutonic Knights has turned its Christian zeal northward and eastward. They are apparently invincible. Spies and provocateurs precede them. With the enemy agents arrives news of the fate of other cities.

Submit or fight? Novgorod will fight. It must have Prince Nevsky, famed for defeating the Swedes, as leader. He has been waiting the call.

We meet the Knights in solemn ritual at Pskov, their most recent victim. They are cruel and strong and frightfully impressive, and we become increasingly conscious of the excellent score by Prokofieff.

Alexander Nevsky has been assembling and outfitting

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a sizeable army. When they are ready he marches forth to meet the enemy. "I will not allow these dogs to set one foot on Russian soil!"

The smart young Prince deploys his forces to meet the traditional flying wedge of the Teutons. After a startlingly dramatic wait on the cold blue ice, the Knights charge. The center of the Russian line wavers and holds. The wings move in. The battle is on.

These sequences are tremendous. Eisenstein and Tisse, his cameraman, are unsurpassed at filming this type material. The camera plays over the surging masses. It picks a death to highlight, a bit of humor, man fighting man, an example of heroism, fades to distance but never once loses the sense of titanic struggle, on ice, in bitter cold air, in a desolate country.

The German is defeated and the ice opens and swallows him. A few prisoners are saved and to them justice is meted in kind by Prince Nevsky. The serfs are freed, the Knights are to be traded for soap and a traitor, Tverdillo, is left to be torn to pieces by the mob.

In conception, photography, musical score and group movement this is a great picture. Unfortunately, the leading players stepped way back into the "pose and declaim" school of acting. But then the script left little room for individual distinction in acting.

Such story as there is is weakened by the insistent insertion of a new line (for Russia) of militant nationalism. It is land against land; Prince against Knight; border against border; Russian against German; never class against class. One might have expected that angle of the Soviet film to be as traditional as the flying wedge of the Teutons.

It is still a very good film for patriots and action fans. The authentic armor is amazing.

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SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS STUPENDOUS, *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle* is not quite historic, but it traces the life of a long remembered, famous dance team.

The story of the rise of two such romantic real-life figures re-created in Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire couldn't go wrong. The original partnership was terminated by death. The film partnership is threatened by conflicting contracts. However, it is probable the box-office fly-paper offered by this pair together will bring about coöperation between any necessary set of producers.

Vernon Castle is employed as a number two comic at the time of his accidental meeting with Irene Foote, amateur actress, at New Rochelle, New York. The little amateur persuades the comic to trade his putty nose for a pair of dancing shoes.

They have ideas. The ideas go for hunger till they meet an influential, if eccentric, agent in Paris. The agent, Edna May Oliver, starts them on the way to fame and fortune.

Then begins the Castle this and the Castle that all over the world, culminating (for women) in the Castle bob. The war begins and Vernon, Canadian born, enlists in the Royal Flying Corps.

The picture, historically, is a record of the many dances the Castles popularized and the "rages" they started. The war is subordinated, where it could have strengthened the story.

Still, we are willing to forgive a slighting of the war for love and dancing. This is a romantic film. It ends on a note of death, but not morbidly so. The dancing is excellent, though a number of youngsters seem to find the dances very amusing. Edna May Oliver is the best of a nice supporting cast.

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WARNER BROTHERS must have produced *Dodge City* just to prove they could be wrong.

One looks in vain for "Boot" Hill and a credible Bat Masterson in this "historical" epic. A lot of money was spent on pioneer atmosphere and a frontier town for this. The photography is up to the best and the technicolor an improvement on most. One mistake was made: there was no story. Which probably explains why they had seventy-odd thousand left over to spend for a publicity junket to the present Dodge City.

Anyone who has seen a class B horse-opera could predict every happening in advance. Even the direction was at that standard most of the time.

There is a heroine and a hero and a villain, with the hero, plagued by the heroine, taking over the Sheriff's badge and cleaning up the bad men.

However, the inevitable barroom brawl is the best of its kind. Alan Hale and Guinn Williams take care of that.

Ann Sheridan, the oomph girl, would have seemed more at home in the Dodge City High School senior play than as a hard lady of the town gambling hell. She's sweet. Olivia de Havilland, the heroine, is very pretty in technicolor. So, unfortunately, is the hero, Errol Flynn.

FOR A BIT OF CURRENT HISTORY which should be shown in the classrooms of the nation, there is *Confessions of a Nazi Spy:*

Here is a film raised from the gory bed of spy melodrama by two conspicuous factors — dignity and honesty. The story is one familiar to most newspaper readers, having been spread across the headlines through forty-eight states.

It deals with the foul nest of German espionage uncovered in this country by the Federal Bureau of In-

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vestigation. It shows how the spies are drawn into the work; through greed, ambition, sometimes fanatic patriotism, sometimes through fear. Then it shows how the ring was broken, the leaders escaping or spirited away to Europe, a few pitiful dupes left to face the lenient court of a democracy.

Literature and the legitimate theatre have both dealt frankly with truth and living history, and successfully. It was time the cinema broke its silly restraints and Warner Brothers (perhaps encouraged by the collapse of the foreign market) finally found courage to come through.

They have given us more than a recounting of events; they've given us stirring drama. *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is fast moving, neatly paced, well directed by Anatole Litvak and exceptionally well acted. There isn't a bad performance in the lot. Paul Lukas and Francis Lederer are outstanding in the two most trying rôles.

Wuthering Heights nicely represents literature.

The unwholesome love affair of Cathy Earnshaw and the gypsy Heathcliff comes vividly to life in a sour Victorian atmosphere. If *Wuthering Heights* weren't such an unusually well made picture it would be repugnant. As it is there is much in its favor.

Even the dated language and attitudes can't still the sincerity of a fine director and cast. The photography and sets are equal to the playing. The script writers, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, have done a nice job of selecting essentials from a long book for a creditable scenario.

A foundling on the streets of Liverpool, the boy Heathcliff is brought home by the kindly master of Wuthering Heights. His benefactor Earnshaw has two children, Cathy and Hindley. Hindley resents Heathcliff. On the

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death of Earnshaw he relegates him to the stables and the status of a servant.

Hindley remains brutal but in the lonely beauty of the countryside Cathy and Heathcliff grow up lovers.

Cathy never relinquishes, however, her pride of position and love of nice things. Her love for Heathcliff is genuine, but few women are gifted to love above pride. Tempted by the elegance of a neighbor, Edgar Linton, she tosses off her stable boy for a short-sighted glimpse of a sweet-smelling social world.

It is in this snobbishness, developed and sustained even by the other servants, that the conflict lies. Cathy never gives herself a chance for real happiness and drives the ragamuffin Heathcliff to desperate threats of vengeance.

When he returns rich to find Cathy irrevocably married to Linton his will is not to be denied.

He buys Wuthering Heights and enslaves Hindley to drink. He gets even with Cathy and Linton by marrying Linton's sister, Isabella. Even Cathy's dying breath is his.

It is really Cathy with her double-edged sword of selfishness who brings evil to them all. The pitiful Heathcliff, driven into defensive behaviorisms, suffers more than any other, with the possible exception of his innocent wife, Isabella.

Merle Oberon achieves distinction in the rôle of Cathy Earnshaw. Geraldine Fitzgerald as Isabella and David Niven as Edgar Linton are excellent. Laurence Olivier is adequate as Heathcliff and the supporting cast is well selected.

VINCE HALL

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BOOKS:

In the Great Tradition

THE GRAPES OF WRATH. *By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 619 pages. $2.75.*

THERE should be rejoicing in that part of Hell where the souls of great American imaginative writers while away their time, for at long last a worthy successor to them has appeared in their former terrestrial abode. With his latest novel Mr. Steinbeck at once joins the company of Hawthorne, Melville, Crane, and Norris, and easily leaps to the forefront of all his contemporaries. The book has all the earmarks of something momentous, monumental, and memorable: universal compassion, a sensuousness so honestly and recklessly tender that even the Fathers of the Church would probably have called it spiritual; and a moral anger against the entire scheme of things that only the highest art possesses. The book also has the proper faults: robust looseness and lack of narrative definitiveness — faults such as can be found in the Bible, *Moby Dick*, *Don Quixote*, and *Jude the Obscure*. The greatest artists almost never conform to the rules of their art as set down by those who do not practice it. The critics of Bach's time upbraided him severely for not writing fugues as perfect as those of Georg Philipp Telemann.

Apparently nothing much happens in Mr. Steinbeck's tale. A poor white family, the Joads, evicted from their home in the Middle West by the banks, pile into an old automobile and head West toward the land where oranges grow, seeking work of any kind, finding it occasionally at about five cents an hour, but most of the time hounded by the police, and in the end get stuck in thick California mud, which looks no more like oranges than

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Kansas mud. Nothing much happens, but before one has gone a hundred pages into the book, one finds oneself in a whole world of stress and strain, love and hate, charity and cruelty, cowardice and the most sublime heroism.

The dreadful, almost incredible poverty of contemporary American life, which the New Deal has been trying to combat, beats mercilessly against the Joad family, who can't understand why they should be so hungry in a land so rich.

"The people come with nets to fish for potatoes in the river, and the guards hold them back; they come in rattling cars to get the dumped oranges, but the kerosene is sprayed. And they stand still and watch the potatoes float by, listen to the screaming pigs being killed in a ditch and covered with quicklime, watch the mountains of oranges slop down to a putrefying ooze; and in the eyes of the people there is the failure; and in the eyes of the hungry there is a growing wrath. In the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy, growing heavy for the vintage."

But the people, with the patience of Christ, keep on going, helping one another to the last bite of bread and the last drop of milk. As Ma Joad, one of the most noble characters in American fiction, says, "I'm learnin' one thing good. Learnin' it all a time, ever' day. If you're in trouble or hurt or need — go to the poor people. They're the only ones that'll help — the only ones."

So the Joads exchange help with their fellow wanderers, and they give sustenance and sympathy to one another in the family, especially to those among them whom an indifferent world has treated harshly and stupidly: son Tom, who served a term in jail; Uncle John, whose wife died because he couldn't afford medical care for her; Preacher Jim Casy, who finally saw the

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folly of his sermonizing; and daughter Rose of Sharon, whose unemployed husband left her in the middle of her pregnancy.

Ma Joad watches over all of them and dozens of others. She has particular fear for the men lest they collapse inwardly, and she rejoices when she notices rage in their faces, for she knows that "the break would never come as long as fear could turn to wrath." Her final act of magnificence comes at the very end of the book, in a barn, where she has taken her shivering daughter who had just delivered herself of a dead child. Both notice a man not far away, dying of starvation.

"Ma's eyes passed Rose of Sharon's eyes, and then came back to them. And the two women looked deep into each other. The girl's breath came short and gasping.

"She said, 'Yes.'

"Ma smiled. 'I knowed you would. I knowed!'"

Ma and Pa and Uncle John and the younger Joads leave the barn.

"Rose of Sharon sat still in the whispering barn. Then she hoisted her tired body and drew the comfort about her. She moved slowly to the corner and stood looking down at the wasted face, into the wide, frightened eyes."

Rose of Sharon offers him one of her breasts. "'You got to,' she said." And thus he was saved from a stable rat's grave.

Some of the literary Episcopalians have already complained about such passages, wholly oblivious to the eternal heartbreak in them, as their predecessors complained about similar passages in the works of Flaubert, Zola, and Hardy. Steinbeck need not worry. His book offers more praise to God than a dozen Cathedrals of St. John the Divine.

CHARLES ANGOFF

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The Chinese Soviet Republic

INSIDE RED CHINA. *By Nym Wales. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1939. 324 pages. $3.00.*

THIS IS THE STORY of the Soviet Republic inside China which Chiang Kai-shek has attempted to eliminate in his war on Communists — a Soviet Republic concerning which the author's husband, Edgar Snow, wrote so revealingly in his *Red Star Over China*. Nym Wales' book amplifies and complements her husband's earlier work, for she was in Soviet China during those vital four months, from May to September, 1937, before the final decision of the Chinese Communists to act in unison with the then Fascist Chiang Kai-shek against Japan. Miss Wales, an adventuresome woman with a sense of humor, an Irish determination to help the underdog and eternal feminine curiosity, managed to get into Soviet China against all odds to tell the story of a people who hoped to overthrow the corrupt warlords who had kept the country in continual civil war, poverty and misery. Inside Red China the author witnessed that curious change that overcame the Chinese Soviets when they ripped the Red Star off their uniforms and somehow, suddenly, — like the fountain-head at Moscow — became overnight a "democracy."

In her sojourn in the Marxist State within the Chinese State, Miss Wales lived as the Communists themselves lived, sharing their shelter and their food, and was able to interview the Communist leaders on whose heads Chiang Kai-shek had placed an enormous price, and who are now his allies following the sensational Sian Incident of December 12, 1936, when Chiang was kidnaped.

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The adventures of the author in getting into Soviet China are amusingly told, especially the subterfuges to which she had to resort in recruiting allies for her adventures — allies that were in terror of Chiang Kai-shek's Blue Shirt Fascist police who were constantly throwing people into detention camps for weeks at a time merely in order to have them handy for questioning if desired. At Sian, where she stayed in the Guest House which figured so prominently in the Chiang kidnaping, Miss Wales recalls Chiang's arrogant Whampoa officers in khaki flannels, with boots-and-spurs and clanking swords, talking with their Nazi advisers about how to destroy Communism in China and whether China should join the anti-Comintern pact, demanding their squeeze from munitions and oil salesmen and all the other political intrigues and treasons between the opportunist warlords.

Miss Wales finds that the Chinese situation is "no paradise of sweetness and light. China may yet collapse by its own weight. Chinese history may yet repeat itself. The guarantee of success (in the war against Japan) is only that both the ruling class and the people are fast awakening to the common realization that united they stand, divided they fall; that it is not that China cannot defend herself against any external enemy. It is always that, either actively or passively, one vast bloc of Chinese is opposed to another, and the Chinese conquer themselves by their own internal contradictions. The third party conqueror steps in and seizes the scepter of authority at the critical moment and promptly begins to reorganize the internal class struggle in its own interests."

Miss Wales points out that the potentialities of their own people are all too well-known to the rulers of China, and too many of them fear the waking giant. Therefore, China at the moment is not only fighting against Japan,

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but its ruling class is also very actively engaged in keeping "peace and order" in the rear. All the guns in China for which the Chinese have been spending their national treasure ever since nearly forty millions killed each other with spears and blunderbusses in the days of the T'Aip'ings, are not now being used in the war, but a great proportion of them are still in the hands of the guardians of law and order who used them not against Japan, but to keep the local peace.

"If every gun in China were at the front, and every firecracker factory were busy making hand grenades instead, there would doubtless now be an answer instead of a question as to who is winning the Sino-Japanese war. The Communists are leading the movement to awaken the masses of China to their responsibilities and potentialities, teaching them how to beat their plowshares into swords. On the other hand, the governments — both local and central — are endeavoring up to the last minute to keep a monopoly of the political and economic power."

The people's movement in China has demanded and received to date a modicum of democracy and some economic reform to win the support of the peasantry. The government has striven mightily to secure active support of the democratic powers, including Soviet Russia, but with not much success, says Miss Wales. And, although she does not conclude her book with the following, it is indeed an apt ending:

"If these powers compromise with Japan, then the present Chinese Government must either collapse or turn to a new revolutionary policy to win the support of the masses of its own people — unless it is firmly bolstered up by Great Britain as a puppet police force for British interests in the South in the event of a British-

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negotiated peace. If such a peace is successfully negotiated, China will be lost as a nation and divided into a Japanese colony in the North and a British colony in the South."

WALKER MATHESON

A Comprehensive Annual

THE WORLD OVER: 1938. *Edited by Joseph Hilton Smyth and Charles Angoff. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc. 1939. 570 pages and index. $4.00.*

IN TIME THERE WILL, of course, be books enough to make a large library about world events in 1938 — the year which was a capital epoch. Already there is a considerable literature on the crucial September events in Europe. It is probable, however, that there will not be another single volume so comprehensive as *The World Over: 1938.*

The book is both a lucid, interpretive history and a yearbook for always-at-elbow reference material. This desirable duality is achieved by the unique method of supplying a month by month and country by country Commentary and Chronology. The Commentary is detailed but terse, sane and readable interpretation. As competent interpretation must, it deviates sufficiently from the objectivity claimed for it by the jacket to make it full-blooded. That the Chronology is no mere appendix is proved by the fact that it fills 305 pages as against 261 pages of Commentary. A 305 page chronology is significant both of the eventfulness of the year and of the faithfulness with which the events have been listed. If there are omissions, I have not discovered them.

Since a review copy came to my desk it has been in constant use, and will continue to be; not, however, without causing much exasperation. Obviously, the novel method

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of the book is experimental. There is vast room for improvement in its application.

The editors are right in saying that "the arrangement of the volume is the simplest"; but it is the simplicity of a typewriter keyboard arranged in alphabetical order — seeming logical and natural until one attempts to use it.

In use, the Commentary on 1938 proves to be far too chronological and the Chronology not enough so. Portrayal and interpretation of the development of events cannot be adequately integrated where they are constantly broken up to make them fit into a rigid pattern of country by country, month by month. As separate from its commentary, a chronology is valuable for what its name implies. In four instances out of five, when one uses a chronology he is interested in the panorama of a certain day, week or month. This book puts the events of different countries on a given day pages apart. In other words, it would seem that the Chronology should be for the "world over" instead of by countries.

Also, there is some reason for complaint about the index, which in a book of this kind should be unusually extensive and in this one is considerably below par.

The World Over: 1938, we are glad to know, is to be an annual. Undoubtedly the chief defects of the present volume will be absent in the next one. Meanwhile, most of us will need the current issue ever near to hand.

DR. J. WILLIAM TERRY

THE MENACING SUN. *By Mona Gardner. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. 1939. 338 pages. $2.50.*

Miss Gardner, an American newspaperwoman who resided for twelve years in Japan, sorrowfully heard the tinsmith apologize for not being able to patch the roof of her summer cottage on a northern Japan sea-shore because he was going to war. Miss Gardner watched this gentle, kindly man shuffle off to be a soldier, and thought how

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totally unfitted he was to use the bayonet. Apparently she forgot that every male in Japan undergoes military training.

Less than a month after that, Miss Gardner went to Shanghai as a news correspondent and there, seeing an air-raid, she suddenly developed a phobia against the people among whom she had lived so long. The result is what the publishers call "a new kind of travel book" about the lands and people of Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Java and India, which the author visited intent on finding out how really menacing was the Rising Sun of Japan. Her findings are the time-worn hysterical alarms against Japanese efforts to seize the lush East Indies oil lands from the Dutch, the wresting of Indo-China from the unmoral and negligent French, the creation of a Fascist Siam under Nipponese tutelage, and the danger of liberating the wretched Hindus from Imperial Britain. Everywhere Miss Gardner went she saw Japanese with cameras — spies by the nestsful who confirmed her worst fears that the "new commercially greedy Japanese colonial" may replace the languid Aryan colonial in Asia, and she distrusts the new credo of "Asia for the Asiatics" as meaning Asia for the Japanese, instead of for the British, the Dutch and the French.

In the end, this book makes the menacing sun seem even less menacing, despite the author's fears which she drags in so unnecessarily at every slightest occasion. As a result, the volume is less a back-of-the-headlines book than intended, while it loses much of its value and readableness as a travel volume through the injection of the political angles. Bali apparently was less menaced of all the lands — and so Bali bored Miss Gardner.

MEN MUST ACT. *By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1939. 176 pages. $1.50.*

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT. *By Stuart Chase. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1939. 196 pages. $1.50.*

Mr. Mumford thinks that the United States "will be drawn into the Fascist orbit unless we adopt a policy designed to save our integrity as a democratic nation." In short, "we must face the enemy on both the domestic and the foreign fronts. . . . Fascism is a worse evil than war: that bitter truth is the foundation for any sound democratic foreign policy. Peace at any price means peace at the price of accepting Fascism."

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To Mr. Chase such talk is mere foolishness, a sort of jingoism reminiscent of the hysterical war days in 1917–1918. He sees no reason whatever for our entering any European war. "We do not need to fight anybody unless they come and try to take away what we have. God help them if they do." The senselessness of fighting appears when one remembers that "95 percent of our business is in the home market, and always has been, except for a tumorous growth in the war years." No matter what happens in Europe, "the United States can still carry on. This is a finer destiny, it seems to me, than to go peddling competitive exports about the world, and entangling ourselves with the quarrels of other nations who, in the nature of their geographical deficiencies, must quarrel, until some day they too achieve continental unity."

Various tests of public opinion, including the Gallup polls and debates in Congress, indicate that the American people feel more like Mr. Chase than Mr. Mumford.

HE OPENED THE DOOR OF JAPAN. *By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 275 pages. Illustrated. $3.00.*

Doing belated justice to an extraordinary but little-known man, Carl Crow here tells the adventures of Townsend Harris, a New York merchant who pried open the doors of a hermit empire against fantastic odds and paved the way, a scant eighty years ago, for that kingdom — Japan — to become one of the world's great Powers. Unlike Commodore Perry, who was backed by guns and fabulously rich presents with which to bicker and barter, Harris was sent to Japan, dumped unceremoniously in the little fishing village of Shimoda, and left to his own devices, without funds or even a house, for an entire year. Yet he did the job he was sent to do under such unbelievable difficulties, that he made himself a national hero in Japan. As Author Crow says:

"If it were possible for any but a Japanese to be admitted to their pantheon of gods, Harris would doubtless have been admitted years ago. They have done everything possible to make his memory sacred. The two places where he lived — the Consulate at Shimoda and the Legation at Tokyo — are marked and preserved as shrines. Every object he touched has been treasured, as if it had been sanctified by contact with him. . . ."

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But so little-known is Townsend Harris to his fellow Americans that there are no monuments to his memory in America — with the exception of Townsend Harris Hall, preparatory high school of the College of the City of New York, which Harris also helped to found as a member of the Board of Education. It was only because Mr. Crow once lived in Japan that he ever heard of Harris, and, his interest piqued, he came about to write the book — and a thorough and interesting job he had done, too, despite the fact that it lags in spots, and here and there meanders off the trail to drag in irrelevant bits of Oriental sidelights.

In digging into the strange story of Townsend Harris, Crow found that this most distinguished contributor to the early cordial relations between this country and Japan, was hardly mentioned in the local histories of his birthplace and that biographical dictionaries even had his birthdate wrong. Worse, the picture exhibited in the Embassy at Tokyo was found not to be that of Harris at all, but of Lewis Cass, the Secretary of State under whom Harris served; and that a picture supposed to be of Harris on file in the New York Public Library was that of Harris' successor on the Board of Education.

WINE OF GOOD HOPE. *By David Rame. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 511 pages. $2.50.*

This is a straight travel story, filled with sea-ports and ships and revolutions in South America. It harks back to Joseph Conrad, but lacks his subtlety and his exquisite language. The ever-present background of the story is a lovely South African wine-farm, and for chief characters the author draws on the proud, sturdy, aristocratic Boers who stayed on their farms after the English conquest, and couldn't get out of their blood the bitter *Wanderlust* that had driven their brothers up into Central Africa 30 years before. The story follows one of these wine-farmers through nearly every country in the world, in kaleidoscopic succession. A charming love story runs through the book to pull the plot together, and provides a number of lovely, quiet scenes for relief from the restless, conscience-driven travels of the hero, Tony. His adventures lack excitement, and interesting characters are few. Although the writing is vivid and often sensitive, the story lacks the suspense and the sense for drama which are all-important to a travel novel.

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Books in Brief

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paying special attention to the natives' taboos, magic, marriage customs, methods of schooling, and strange reactions to medication and surgery. A fascinating book, enlivened by good reproductions of photographs. The translation from the German by Mrs. C. E. B. Russell, is very readable.

MEXICO MARCHES. *By J. H. Plenn. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 386 pages. $3.00.*

As a guide to recent Mexican history in the realms of politics, economics, and the arts, this book has many virtues. It is clearly written, betrays a considerable knowledge of its subjects, and on the whole has no bias. Mr. Plenn obviously has a large respect for the Cardenas régime, but that respect he exhibits with good manners toward those who think otherwise. A few maps and other illustrations would have made the volume more useful.

Fiction

THE YOUNG COSIMA. *By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1939. 390 pages. $2.50.*

In this, her first novel in ten years, Miss Richardson brings to life Cosima Liszt von Bülow, her husband Hans, and Richard Wagner, the man for whom each made huge sacrifices: Hans, his own creative powers to champion the master's work; Cosima, her husband and children, her pride, to go to Wagner's side that he might more effortlessly create the titanic music-dramas, having her to serve as wife, secretary, nurse and mother. It is the interrelationships of these three that engrosses rather than their personalities. Perhaps Miss Richardson's idea in writing this book was to the contrary. If so, she has failed. Liszt is inadequate and unreal, and Cosima and Wagner are thinly sketched — subtly, perhaps, but never richly. Cosima's urge to devote herself to soothing the temperament of a genius is not convincing. One never quite knows whether she is a vain, frivolous woman or has genuine martyrlike motivations and love. From the point of view of sheer writing, there is a conversational quality about Miss Richardson's prose which marks it with simple beauty.

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THE PATRIOT. *By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. 1939. 372 pages. $2.50.*

In her first novel since she received the Nobel Prize for literature, Pearl Buck has turned out a book that compares favorably with *The Good Earth*. *The Patriot* is a genuine love story with a background of contemporary history. Mrs. Buck has done an excellent job of making her characters stand out in the pattern of the conflicts in China, both the age-old internal dissension that has ripped the Celestial Empire for the past hundred years, and the external conflict through which Japan is waging its "Holy War" to revive the old Chinese civilization in order to save it from Occidental depredation.

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER. *By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1939. 264 pages. $2.50.*

The three short novels which make up this volume are the title story, *Old Mortality*, and *Noon Wine*. The first, though written with Miss Porter's usual skill, somehow fails to impress, probably because she uses more words than its pattern of emotions calls for. The other two are among her very best, especially *Old Mortality*, a sharp, yet kindly tale of a woman who failed in life and love because she never found "a good dancing partner to guide me through life." *Noon Wine* treats of the old theme of guilt as impressed upon an innocent man by the community conscience, and achieves an effect seldom reached by any writer in the entire history of American letters thus far. Miss Porter's new book will solidify her already envious position in contemporary fiction.

Biography

MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. *By Charles Roberts Anderson. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1939. 522 pages. $4.50.*

Dr. Anderson here discusses in very great detail the contents and the biographical experiences behind *Typee*, *Omoo*, *White-Jacket*, *Moby Dick*, *Mardi*, and the *Piazza Tales*, presenting information that has eluded previous biographers. His general conclusion is that Melville was far from being the profound philosopher he fancied himself, that the survival value of his reputation "lies in the fact that he was the literary discoverer of the South Seas. . . . It is

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. . . beyond dispute that his four-year residence in the South Seas is the most significant part of his life for the literary biographer, for it furnished the experiences which make up the great body of his published works." A vast body of notes supplements the text. Altogether a valuable volume for the literary historian.

THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN. *By Philip Van Doren Stern. New York: Random House. 1939. 376 pages. $3.00.*

Mr. Stern here tells in fiction form the familiar, and still not completely solved, story of the murder of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth and his conspirators. He has obviously made a careful study of the available records, but he makes no contribution in the way of fact, or, alas, in the way of literary enjoyment. He writes, in the main, like a contributor to the slick, large-circulation periodicals — clearly, brightly, but without ponderable imagination.

Government

MAN'S ESTATE: *Adventures in Economic Discovery. By Alfred M. Bingham. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1939. 480 pages. $3.00.*

With a great flourish of learning and an insistence that he has given much thought to public affairs for many years, Mr. Bingham here presents his economic program. A close examination reveals that that program, to use his own words, "is merely a continuation and rationalization of the New Deal" — a tighter hold upon private enterprise and more public works. Mr. Bingham's own contribution seems to be an admonition to New Dealers and others not to hurt the wealthy, "because I have a special personal interest in not seeing them suffer. I know a good number of wealthy people; they are mostly quite harmless, quite well-intentioned, and quite charming." In the bibliography, at the very beginning, he refers to his book, *Insurgent America*, adding this tasteful line: "I wish to recommend this book particularly."

RUMFORD
CONCORD

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